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A SONG FOR MARGUERITE.

Ripple and lave,
O ocean wave,
Around my fortress, stanch and strong
Break, billows, break,
Asleep--awake--
Fill my empty heart with thy song

Surge, waters, surge,
A song--a dirge
Sing upon the shore of my soul
A melody,
A symphony--
Some music sweeter than a toll.

O ocean, sing;
O billows, bring
Into my weary heart some peace;
O sing and croon
Some sweeter tune--
So sweet that it shall never cease
--William S. Irvine in Atlanta Constitution.

WIDOW M'PHERSON.

"In short, say you've appointed yourself mentor over me at once and be done with it--hang it!"

Lakely glared at his companion. Bristed, immovable, went on smoking. A silence, fraught with explosive possibilities, ensued. Finally Bristed arose. He was somewhat the elder of the two, and he was saturnine and dark.

"What are you going to do?" he demanded.

"If you think I'm going to say"——

"Then you go to the dickens by the shortest cut you can find!" was Bristed's ultimatum.

The next day Mrs. Lakely tearfully pressed me into an interview.

"I assure you I have done my best to dissuade Horace," Bristed said.

"Oh, it's too dreadful!" moaned Lakely's mother, wringing her hands. "You have always been such good friends—room mates and all—and young men will often listen to an older comrade's advice and remonstrance where a mother's, a sister's are quite thrown away. Do use your influence, my dear Mr Bristed, with my poor, benighted boy! Oh, it is too shocking that he should be thinking for one instant even of such a marriage!"

"I appreciate your position, you may be sure, my dear madam. It is a very trying one," murmured Bristed sympathetically.

"And it is so horrible, too, that there should be a question of bringing such a person into the family where there is a young girl," continued Mrs. Lakely, putting her handkerchief to her faded, pretty, ladylike little face.

Mrs Lakely felt that this allusion to her daughter was a master stroke of diplomacy.

"Certainly, I can appreciate your feelings here more than ever," cried Bristed warmly.

"In the name of heaven, Lakely, don't make such a fool of yourself," he began, in the tone of a more tolerant persuasiveness.

"A fool of myself! By George! I think I've a good deal of patience to stand what I've stood from you the last month, Bristed! If a fellow didn't feel sore about throwing over an old friend, by George"——

"All right, I understand your point of view," said Bristed placidly. "It isn't agreeable to have warnings dinned into your ears when you want to rush headlong into the biggest folly of your life. But it's the friend's part to sound the warning, all the same, whether it's agreeable or not. You might think of your mother and sister a little in this matter, too."

"What the deuce have they, or have you, or has any one, for the matter of that, to say anything against Mrs. McPherson, Bristed?" cried Lakely, starting up and confronting his friend, with his boyish features aflush and a kindling light in his blue eyes. "You say she's a little older than I"——

"Not a little, a good deal. She's older than I am—must be," interrupted Bristed

"Well, and even if she were. What of it? What are a few years one way or the other?"

"A great deal when the few years are on the wrong side. But that isn't the worst feature. You needn't force me into saying things you wouldn't care to hear. But you know as well as I do that McPherson's widow has been talked about. Oh! unjustly, if you care to have it so! I'm not going into that question. But the old fellow didn't inspire the greatest respect himself, and, at all events, a good many things were said of his pretty wife. Why, my dear fellow," continued Bristed reasoningly, and with the kindly influence in his fine voice and the softened expression in his strong features which had always had so much [illegible] youthful temperament, "it's a preposterous thing, you losing your head and letting yourself in for this sort of thing! This woman is no wife for you"——

"You don't know her! You haven't even seen her," exclaimed Lakely weakly.

"I have never seen her, that's a fact. But I know her all the same. One always knows a woman of that sort of caliber. They're very interesting to meet; very stimulating; very amusing; very fascinating. They have ten thousand arts. While their spell is on a man he thinks them anything they choose to be thought. He believes anything—everything. Afterward he has an awakening, and it is very well for him if he hasn't to discover that he has bound himself, hand and foot, while he was under the charm. Flirt with an adventuress for really you know a McPherson can scarcely be called anything else—flirt with an adventuress as much as you like, my dear boy, if you feel sure enough of yourself; but be very careful to stop—a long way off of matrimony. That's what a wise man does, my boy."

Poor Lakely, with his elbows on his knees and his hands supporting his head, sat staring at the figures of the carpet.

"Confound it! you always had wisdom enough to fit out an army, Bristed," he growled. "It's no effort for you to keep out of scrapes. You couldn't get into one if you tried. You're so deucedly cold blooded."

When it dawned upon Mrs. Lakely that her son might unexpectedly be on the point of listening to reason the poor lady's joy burst forth in touching gratitude to Horace's friend. But it was short lived joy. At the end of a fortnight she came to Bristed, pale with agitation, and communicated the dire intelligence that Mrs. McPherson had appeared in person on the scene; that she was following Horace up.

"I suppose she feels that the boy has been slipping from her—odious person!" exclaimed Mrs. Lakely, waxing bitter in her righteous indignation. "It is too shocking, the vulgar forwardness of such people. I do not fancy that she really cares for Horace, you know. It is his money—that is what she wants to secure. She knows the boy has just come into his grandfather's property. And she is poor; they say, though she lives with an appearance of luxury, that she is absolutely impecunious. Her husband, it would seem, left her nothing whatever."

"I imagine there is no doubt about that," said Bristed.

And then Mrs. Lakely came to her point. Would Mr. Bristed go to this "person" and try to convince her that the family strenuously objected to the proposed marriage, and that everything would be done to bring it to naught? Would he try to persuade her to give Horace up, to relinquish her hold of a young fellow—a mere boy—much her junior, who ought not to be thinking as yet of matrimony under any circumstances? Would he appeal to her good feelings if she had any? Would he"——

"My dear Mrs. Lakely, anything to oblige you, but I don't know"——

"Oh, don't say so," interrupted the poor lady. "I have such confidence in your ability to straighten matters out for us."

A day or two later this conversation resulted in a visit from Bristed to the hotel where Mrs. McPherson was temporarily registered.

It was not in this young man's nature to look forward with much relish to the interview. He felt that he had before him something extremely distasteful. It is even possible that he was inclined to take some credit to himself when he reflected upon the trouble he was at to oblige his friend's family and to keep the boy himself from a piece of folly he should spend the rest of his life in regretting. But in another way he accounted himself repaid for anything he might do, even before it was done. For nothing could be sweeter or fairer or more charming than Cecilia Lakely, Horace's young sister.

She was a mere school girl, to be sure, but Hurlburt Bristed admired the type. An ingenuous young girl was to him the most delightful thing in nature. And he smiled often, as he took himself to Mrs. McPherson's hotel, in remembrance of certain warm, shy glances which had fallen from those dovelike eyes these latter times since he had been exerting himself so much in her brother's behalf. In helping Horace he was really wooing in the surest way, if indirectly, the elusive flower of this young creature's love.

He was still thinking of Cecilia as he sat waiting for Mrs. McPherson to appear. He was, indeed, so much engrossed in his reveries that he looked up only when the lady he had come to see stood close in front of him. She had entered softly by a door at the side of him. As he rose a little confusedly she covered him suddenly with a wonderful smile.

The young widow—it was impossible not to think of her as younger than she was—stood there an instant and then sank into her chair opposite her visitor. She begged him to resume his seat. She seemed to wait, still with that unusual, that almost harmonious smile, for him to begin. From her presence, at once assured and unobtrusive, animated and reposeful, from her delicate toilet, there emanated an aroma, as it were, which flattered all the senses.

"I believe you are Horace Lakely's great friend," said this gracious creature in a well modulated voice. If the modulations were somewhat artificial, if it were possible to surmise that the natural tone of voice did not always betray the same refinement of culture, it so happened that Hurlburt Bristed (albeit he had the reputation of noticing everything) did not observe the fact.

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The next day Mrs. Lakely awaited Bristed's promised visit with eager impatience. Cecilia, looking very lovely in a white dress (Bristed had once remarked that she should always wear white—it was becoming to her), was sitting with her mother, and shot an expressive glance at the door when it opened.

"Well, Mr. Bristed, well," demanded Mrs. Lakely, "have you good news for me? Will she go away and leave my boy in peace?"

Cecilia, who had risen and remained standing, in a certain hesitancy, left the room.

"I don't know that I can tell you anything very definite, my dear madam," observed Bristed, somewhat slowly.

"Oh, what do you mean? I hope the wretched person does not refuse to loosen her hold of Horace?" cried Mrs. Lakely.

"No, no. It is not that—not at all. Reassure yourself. Only"— Bristed interrupted himself. He began again: "I imagine she will, as you express it, loosen her hold of Horace. Yes—but—I wished to ask you—ahem"——

If it had been possible to fancy such a thing of the self assured, graceful, lofty Bristed Mrs. Lakely would have fancied that he looked embarrassed. She stared at him when he continued:

"Have you any definite reason for supposing that Mrs. McPherson really intended to marry Horace?"

"Really intended to marry him?" echoed Mrs. Lakely. "Why, nothing could be more evident! I thought we were agreed on that point, Mr. Bristed."

"On Horace's being most anxious to marry Mrs. McPherson—yes," amended Bristed. "But I do not—I am not sure"——

"Do you mean," interjected the poor lady, holding herself very straight, her mien, in its outraged maternal pride, becoming almost majestic, "that Mrs. McPherson is playing fast and loose with my son? That she would reject him at the last moment?"

That Horace Lakely should marry such a person as McPherson's widow was horrible enough. But, that being so inclined, Mrs. Lakely's darling, her eldest born, her handsome, privileged son, should be subjected to the indignity of a refusal from such a source, surely that was almost more terrible still.

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Lakely, please do not imagine I would insinuate such a thing," exclaimed Bristed rather lamely.

He was tugging at his mustache, and Mrs. Lakely was obliged to acknowledge that he was certainly ill at ease.

"I hope you will let me know what progress you make," she insisted, feeling vaguely helpless.

"I will, of course," said Bristed, getting to his feet.

He seemed relieved in some way that the interview should be at an end. He departed with so much precipitancy that he forgot to leave his respects for Cecilia.

According to the combined entreaties of the entire family, Horace Lakely had finally consented to flee the temptress who had pursued him, and he was away from home.

"If ever I live down this feeling," the young man wrote at about this time to his friend, "I shall have you, I suppose, to thank for having urged me back into the path of wisdom. But I can tell you it is hard—desperately hard—staying away and listening to advice. I can't forget her, Bristed! You're such a cool, reasonable fellow yourself that you won't be able to understand that my whole life seems to have bound itself about this woman."

There was a tone throughout the letter which testified that Horace Lakely was still a good deal of a boy. It was somewhat of a consolation for Hurlburt Bristow to think that it was so. At least it made it somewhat easier for him to write in answer to that letter a short time later:

"I think it right, without further delay, to convey to you a piece of news which may probably surprise you. I don't know that any explanation would simplify matters. Mrs. McPherson and I are to be married next month."—Chicago News.

Cardinal Newman's Humility.

Cardinal Newman was notorious for his consideration for others, which the following anecdote illustrates:

It is the custom for the Oratorians to take their turn in waiting upon the others at meals for a week at a time, and for this purpose they wear an apron. A few years back a novice, after taking his turn, had to serve for an extra week, as the one who should have succeeded him was away. On his handing a plate to the cardinal the latter looked up and said:

"But were not you waiting last week?"

"Yes, your eminence," replied the novice, "but So-and-so [naming the absent one] is away and I am taking his place."

"I can't allow that," said the cardinal, and rising from his place he made the young man take off the apron, which he donned himself, and, bidding him sit in the seat which he had vacated, waited upon the community for the remainder of the week himself.—London Tit-Bits.

SAILING DOWN A FLUME.

SPORT ON WATER THAT DISTANCES A TOBOGGAN SLIDE.

A Thrilling and Remarkable Voyage from the Snow Line of the Sierras—A Drop of 250 Yards with a Grade of 1,200 Feet to the Mile—Shooting Through the Air.

After a slow and wearisome climb, and as it began to grow dusk, our team, tired and dusty, drove into Camp Sequoia. The flume extends from the high snow line in the Sierras to the plains, fifty-two miles distant. It is built of inch and a quarter planks, and at the start, where the grade is steepest, is forty-three inches across the top. This width is increased, however, when the decrease in the grade necessitates a larger volume of water to float the lumber, and at the lower end reaches an extreme width of sixty-four inches. At each increase in the size of the flume more water must be added to the stream.

The first head of water comes from Lake Sequoia, and the supply is augmented by small streams at four different places between the mill and King's river. To preserve a fairly regular grade in constructing this flume enormously high trestles were found necessary to carry the flumes across canyons, chasms and around sharp spurs of mountains. The first twenty-seven miles built took over 5,000,000 feet of lumber to construct, and most of this lumber had to be packed on the shoulders of men. It has taken about 9,000,000 feet of lumber all told to complete the flume.

But to return to the head of the flume, around which our little party of four was clustered, our spirits dropping as rapidly as the mercury during a cold snap, and our hearts seeking the seclusion of our boots. Coming down a flume when you are at the bottom and look up is a very different proposition to going down a flume when you are at the top and look down.

THE START.

Stories of former trips that resulted most disastrously flashed through our minds. If it had not been for the crowd of onlookers that stood around ready to cheer if we started, or jeer if we didn't, we would have backed out, one and all. There was no help for it, and with a last despairing look at the beautiful bright world around us that we were leaving—perhaps forever—we solemnly climbed into the flume boat and shook hands sadly with those that were not going.

The boat that was to carry us down the flume resembles nothing so much as a hog trough with one end missing. The flume being built V shape and at a right angle, the boat is constructed likewise, but at what would be the bow end of an ordinary boat there is no end at all, it being purposely left open in order to provide means for the water that backs up into the boat to escape. On examination we found our boat to be sixteen feet long with a fourteen inch plank running the length of the boat, thus making a false bottom to raise us from reach of the water. On this plank rested four small wooden stools, one for each of the party.

After taking seats with many misgivings, and balancing ourselves, the order to cast off was given, the spikes holding our frail craft to the flume side were pulled out, and our craft shot on with the current on its journey to the plains. The sensation was exactly as if the bottom had dropped out of the universe and we had dropped with it.

ZIPPING DOWN HILL.

"Watch out!" yelled the man in front, throwing himself back on the man behind him.

It was just in time. The sudden shock threw us all flat on our backs, and the boat "zipped" under a projecting beam that would have decapitated the whole outfit. Cautiously regaining an upright position we took a look at the scenery around us. As far ahead as one could see stretched the flume, looking a thin, spidery thread stretched down the mountain side. On either side gloomy rocks and forest trees flashed past in an indistinguishable blur when the flume lay near the ground, but when it rose on trestles to cross some canyon or ravine we seemed suspended, like Mohammed's coffin, "'twixt heaven and earth."

In the mean time our speed had been increasing. Not a member of the party spoke a word, but in dumb amazement held a firm grip to the seat. Our boat had proceeded but half a mile when immediately before us could be seen what we subsequently learned to be one of the steepest inclines of the whole course of the flume—a drop of 250 yards, with a grade of 1,200 feet to the mile. It was but a few moments when our boat was at the head of this incline.

Pieces of timber could be seen on the mountain side below us, these pieces having been hurled out of the flume during their course. The sight was not very assuring to us, but there was no such thing as stopping or turning back at this stage of the journey. Holding our respective breaths and offering mental prayers for our own safety, we consigned ourselves to our fate. The boat stopped for an instant at the head of the chute, pitched over the curve, and shot out into what seemed to us mere space.

FLYING THROUGH THE AIR.

A dim perception of fleeing forests, dashing wildly past a wall of rocks for a few seconds, the noisy wash of the waters behind us, after all of which we found ourselves at the bottom of the incline trying to regain our breath. It was short, and luckily, too. Human nerves could hardly have stood the strain much longer. Going on at a slightly reduced rate of speed, we were treated to a constant change of mountain scenery, now closely hugging the perpendicular wall of a rocky gorge, again being swept around the sharp point of a mountain on our way across wide canyons, up as high as 130 feet, with only the knowledge of the frail trestlework between us and—what?

No grander view of the lower Sierras could be experienced than that which we had as we swept on through space. The alternating views of deep gorges, high cliffs, timber clad mountain heights, combined with the novel means of transportation, robbed the journey of all weariness.

Finally we reached King's river, and our course now lay parallel with the stream and at about the same grade. Our boat proceeded steadily, but with none of the occasional rapidity we had experienced in the higher mountains left behind. After having "flumed" about twenty-seven miles we came to the suspension bridge across King's river. But even fifty-two miles of flume come to an end at last, and, the speed becoming tame and slow in comparison with the early part of the trip, with the aid of several men at work "herding" on the flume, our frail craft was safely brought to a standstill, and we climbed out on the trestle and stretched our cramped legs. A few moments later, with the aid of a thirty foot ladder, we reached terra firma, our strange cruise ended.—San Francisco Examiner.

How to Exhibit Coins.

A numismatist has devised an ingenious method of exhibiting coins, which is now used in English museums. The pulling of a lever rotates a frame—containing cards in which the coins are inserted—in such a manner that the obverse and reverse, with a full description of each coin, are shown at the will of the observer.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

SAW THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

The Phantom Ship That Was the Forerunner of an Awful Thunder Storm.

One of the most adventurous voyages on record was that completed by the new steamship Ailsa Craig, which docked at Reed street wharf after a voyage of sixty-two days from Java. This steamer, which is commanded by Capt. Robert Hazell, was built by W. B. Thompson, of Dundee, and this was her second trip across the ocean. Capt. Hazell, who is a salt of the old East India type, told the story of his voyage in terse and vigorous language.

"This," he remarked, "has been a most adventurous voyage from port to port. We left Java with 4,570 tons of sugar on board. We came through the Suez canal, and no incident of importance happened to us until we were well out in the Bay of Biscay, when one night in the middle watch I was hastily summoned on deck. A strange phenomenon was presented.

"A full rigged ship, steering large, with lower, foretopmast and topgallant stunsails set, and heading right athwart our course. I ordered the helm to starboard so as to make sure of clearing her, and prepared the night signals in readiness to answer her in case she wanted to speak to us. Just at that moment the moon, which had been shining brightly on the passing craft, was obscured by a cloud. In the darkness which followed we lost sight of the strange ship. The instant the light reappeared all eyes were turned in the direction of the approaching ship. No vessel was to be seen; she had vanished from the surface of the waters.

"Nothing further of interest occurred for a few days, when about 7 a. m. we fell in with a most tremendous thunder storm. The wind blew all around the compass, and the lightning was vivid and incessant. At 8:30 a. m. the third officer, Mr. Swartmore, was on the bridge, having charge of the deck, when a blinding flash of lightning, followed by an awful clap of thunder, startled all hands. The electric bolt struck the foretopgallant head, shivering the spar, thence passing down the backstays along the iron rails to the bridge, when it struck the good officer and the lookout, knocking them both senseless.

"At the same moment a tremendous sea lifted the vessel, broaching her to and throwing the steersman, who was a Dutchman named Kraut, over the wheel, but fortunately he escaped with only slight bruises. During the height of the storm a thunderbolt ran down the main royal backstay and exploded close to the rail, sending out a shower of sparks and scaring every one on board. This, however, seemed to break the storm and the weather gradually got finer, and the next morning we were on soundings, with a bright sun and favoring breezes."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Little Secret.

Cumso—I always go into a restaurant and get a lunch when I happen to get caught in a shower.

Banks—That is strange. Why do you do it?

Cumso—Because there are umbrellas standing in the corners of restaurants almost all the time.—Munsey's Weekly.

The origin of the phrase "I can't see it" is traced to Lord Nelson, who, at the battle of Copenhagen, was told that a signal was given to cease firing and the direction pointed out to him. Seizing a telescope he applied it to his blind eye and exclaimed, "I can't see it."

A Wise Caution to Women.

Speaking of shopping, I never go into one of the great city stores but I see women laying themselves open to positive danger from contaminating disease. Wishing to match some "sample" of ribbon or fabric, they search for the piece taken from home in their portmonnaie, meanwhile holding bank notes and ofttimes coin between their lips or teeth. The act is a thoughtless one, but none the less of the most dangerous kind. Money is handled by all classes, goes into and out of houses and families where sickness prevails, and the disease often lurking in a bank bill or on the face of a coin is as probable as it is possible.

And yet I constantly see women, in moments of thoughtlessness, bringing this danger upon themselves. The practice is one which cannot be too carefully guarded against. In our changing climate it is difficult enough to retain good health—we do not need thoughtless actions, like the one indicated, to unnecessarily make the chances of sickness greater.—Edward W. Bok in Ladies' Home Journal.

Haunts and Habits of the "'Gator."

The alligator builds a nest of mud and grass, and lays a large number of oblong white eggs, but the little ones when hatched often serve as lunch for their unnatural papa, and this cannibalism, more than the rifle, prevents their numbers from increasing. The alligator is not particular as to diet. I once found the stomach of a ten-footer to be literally filled with pine chips from some tree which had been felled near the river's bank. They are fond of wallowing in marshes, and many a man out snipe shooting has taken an involuntary bath by stumbling into their wallows. In dry seasons alligators will traverse long distances overland to reach water, and travelers have come suddenly upon alligators crawling amid prairies or woods, in the most unexpected manner. The alligator as a rule is very wary, but at times sleeps quite soundly. I saw one struck twice with an oar before it woke.—Clarence B. Moore in St. Nicholas.

The Labor in a Box of Firecrackers.

A box of firecrackers of the ordinary size contains forty packages, each one made up of sixty-four firecrackers. After these twenty-five hundred and more firecrackers have been braided into packages covered with bright red and gold paper labels; after they have been packed in a box which in its turn is labeled and then wrapped in matting; after the freight over the thousands of miles of sea and land lying between China and New York and an import duty of 100 per cent. have been paid the firecrackers are sold at wholesale for from ninety to ninety-five cents a box.

To add to the wonder of the thing every one of the Chinaman's firecrackers is made entirely by hand. About 800,000 boxes were imported into the United States in 1889.—Edward Marshall in Youth's Companion.

The Growth of Tailoring.

The first trace of any advance in the art of tailoring is afforded by the word "breeks," which, as proved by the old Irish bracæ, must at the period when the Celts still inhabited central Europe have been borrowed from the Celts by the Teutons and Slaves. No distinction seems to have been made in early times between the dress of the women and the men, and in the latest moment of the neoelectric epoch we find a distinct return, in the divided skirt of the Americans and Britons, to the epicene bracæ of the Celts of three or four thousand years earlier: the first tailor made suits worn by the ladies of our race.—William Dean Howells in Harper's.

A Name That Fitted.

Mrs. Greeneye—John, who was that pretty girl in your office today?

Mr. G.—You blessed old second hand, that was only a book agent.

Mrs. G.—And why am I second hand, I'd like to know?

Mr. G.—Because you're always on the watch.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Park Loungers Were Puzzled.

It was a little past noon and the basin in City Hall park, at the rear of the post-office, was full. A score or so of bootblacks and a small terrier were chasing a big rat across the park. The rat was hard pressed and it was dollars to dimes against his life as he rushed toward the low wall surrounding the fountain, dodging vicious blows from the boxes in the hands of the bootblacks as he ran. He reached the parapet first by about four tails' lengths, and as he sprang upon it the dog was so good a second that the canine's teeth snapped close behind him like the jaws of a steel trap. Without a moment's hesitation the rat plunged into the water, and with equal precipitancy his pursuer jumped after him.

It was a cold bath, however, and it quickly cooled the terrier's ardor. After splashing about for a few seconds, he swam to the edge of the basin, where half a dozen grimy hands dragged him out, and twice as many mouths railed him for his failure as he lowered his tail and trotted away shivering and much dejected.

But where was the rat? He had not come to the surface after his first plunge, and the water was quite sufficiently clear to show that he was not lying, dead or alive, on the bottom. He had disappeared as completely as though the earth, instead of the water, had swallowed him up. He may have dived into the mouth of the drain pipe, or found some other subaqueous passage to his natural haunts, the sewers; or he may have been suffocated on the voyage.

As a sparrow policeman sagely observed when he was asked for his opinion, "Shure, it's all conjecthure."—New York Herald.

Counting Dust Motes.

Counting the dancing motes in a bar of sunlight sounds like one of those hopeless, never ending tasks with which the spiteful fairies delighted to break the spirits of little heroines in German folk stories. Something more than this, however, has been achieved by modern science, which is now able to count the particles floating in any given portion of the atmosphere and determine what proportion of these are dangerous germs and what are mere dust.

Dr. Franklin's curious experiments have shown us how to count the micro-organisms, and now John Aitken, of Falkirk, England, by a totally different method (one wholly invented by himself), has been able to enumerate the stock of the more harmless but hardly less interesting dust motes. Thirty thousand such particles have been detected by him in the one-thousandth of a cubic inch of the air of a room.

In the outside atmosphere, in dry weather, the same measurement of air yielded 2,119; whereas, after a heavy rainfall, the number of such floating atoms was only 521. That this power of prying into atmospheric secrets will eventually yield important results must be obvious to all. Among the most curious discoveries already made is the direct relation between dust particles and fog, mist and rain.—St. Louis Republic.

Getting Rid of Hair Scaliness.

Scaliness or dandruff is a hard thing to rid the head of. It exists everywhere. No head is free from it. To get rid of it you need only to put a small quantity of borax in the water you wash your head with, and that will relieve the scaliness.—New York Journal.

Inducing a Pucker.

Mr. Tootum (making preparations to play a flute solo)—Pete, han' me dat sack o' green persimmons. I's nex' on de program'.—Harper's Bazar.

The Paris Ship Canal.

To make Paris once more a seaport by rendering it accessible to merchant vessels of the largest size is a problem which has repeatedly engaged the attention of civil engineers, who have, however, until recently confined themselves to schemes for deepening and straightening the Seine. These projects have now been discarded in favor of a plan which aims to use the Seine and its affluents merely as feeders of a ship canal which is to follow a straight line from Rouen to Paris.

The length of this artificial water way will be about 110 miles, the depth 20 feet, and the breadth sufficient to allow two large vessels to pass one another. The estimated cost of the proposed canal, including excavations, dams, sluices and bridges, as well as the sums requisite for the purchase of land, is $27,000,000; but it is computed that dues of $1.30 a ton, coming and going, will pay a handsome return on the capital invested—so great is the volume of traffic anticipated.

If this long cherished project of reviving the maritime activity of Paris is carried out, the inhabitants of Berlin are likely to be spurred to emulation, for they have frequently discussed the opening of their city to sea going vessels, either by means of a ship canal or by widening and deepening the river Spree.—New York Ledger.

Clubs of "Gentlemen."

The Union and Knickerbocker clubs are unique. In them the "association of gentlemen" idea is carried out to the fullest. Neither one has a charter, and any member of either club can be held responsible for the entire debts of his club. By declining to avail themselves of the protection which the law gives to a chartered corporation the members assume the risk of unlimited liability associations, but they hold that the secrecy with which their freedom from legal trammels surrounds their institution is full compensation. Neither club ever takes any steps to enforce payment of members' indebtedness. A member can run up a bill of a couple of thousand dollars or more on a big dinner, for instance, and should he fail to meet his debt of honor when the bill is presented no attempt is made to force a settlement. Should such a case arise he would simply be expelled, and thereby be forever ostracized in clubdom. Cases of the kind are, however, so rare as to be practically unknown.—New York Press.

Editing in the West Indies.

An editor's lot in some of our smaller colonies is hardly a happy one. The people he has to print news of and opinions on are all personally known to him, so that he risks all kinds of social difficulty by calling attention to abuses or deficiencies. Then he has great difficulty in keeping up a sufficient sale of his paper. The editor of an Antigua paper has been complaining that people who ought to buy his paper content themselves with borrowing it. He adds: "Some go so far as to send to the office to borrow the current number every week. This is certainly carrying a joke just a leetle too far." So we think. But another West Indian paper says of him: "He expresses himself like a man new to the ways of the public spirited inhabitants," which is "true for Antigua," as an Irishman would say.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Expressive, if Not Elegant.

The waiters of Gotham seem to have a monopoly of curious and humorous expressions to designate certain dishes and employments. Two of them were talking about a variety actor who had risen from their ranks. The man in question had been employed to take away the soiled dishes in a big restaurant where work at this one branch alone could keep a man busy all day.

"Soy," said one of the waiters, "why, I use ter know dat feller when he 'carried off der dead,' see?"—New York Telegram.

FLOWERS COST MONEY.

MILLIONS SPENT ANNUALLY FOR FLORAL BEAUTIES.

The Most Costly Are the Most Fashionable Until They Are Plentiful—Orchids Are Always Desirable—Flowers That Are Favorites in New York.

There is a fashion in flowers as in other things with which rich people have to do, and it is even more unreasonable and more capricious than other fashions. As a rule, whatever is most costly is most fashionable, or at any rate most sought after. A flower that is difficult to procure from its being not yet in season is sought after for that reason, and as soon as it becomes plentiful it is no longer prized above its fellows. Another forced flower takes its place, and so the fashion changes from one premature growth to another.

An exception to this rule is the orchid, which is always in vogue because it is always expensive. On the other hand, many persons, especially women, have their favorite flowers, which they order in season as well as out of season, not despising them when they become comparatively cheap. A person whose favorite is the orchid never has, of course, this reason for thinking less of it. "You could put $50 worth of orchids in your hat," a florist said, "and $100 would buy only a small centerpiece for a dinner table."

A choice Cataylia costs 75 cents. It is perhaps on account of its cost that the orchid is the holiday flower. At Christmastide people are more likely than at other times to buy the most expensive things they can get. The Jacqueminot, or in its English form, the Jack, roses are also holiday flowers. They first bloom about then, and sell readily at from $8 to $12 a dozen. The American Beauty finds favor all the year round, even when it is comparatively cheap, but it becomes an especial favorite soon after Christmas, for, becoming rare, it sells for from $10 to $18 a dozen.

VARIETIES OF ROSES.

Until the Jack blooms the Meteor, a new flower quite like it, will have a sale for that reason, in spite of its selling at the comparatively low rate of from $3 to $5 a dozen. The Mrs. John Lang, also a new rose, which stands perhaps in the same relation to the American Beauty that the Meteor does to the Jacques—it is quite as large, but it has a lighter and, some think, a more delicate color—is of French origin, and was introduced by an English grower, who named it after his wife. It sells for from $1 to $1.50 each.

A florist said: "People think the summer is the time for flowers. They are very much mistaken. The summer in this climate is too hot, and as we cannot regulate the heat as we can the cold we are at the mercy of the elements. The winter is the time for flowers, especially roses. Then only the fine varieties which people prize are grown. The colder the weather the better, for cold days are more likely to be sunshiny. To be sure, there is an interval in midwinter when some of the choicest varieties—the American Beauty, for instance—are cultivated with difficulty, but a revival begins in the hothouse just before Easter, the season which typifies the revival of life out of doors."

Persons who believe that nature raises finer roses than a hothouse horticulturist probably think that owners of greenhouses are independent of florists. Quite the contrary, say the latter. In the first place they cannot, as a rule, raise such fine flowers as professional growers, and it costs them more to raise a rich rose than to buy it. When a man finds that his floral home industry, in addition to being unreliable and uncertain, is more expensive than importations from the greenhouses of florists, he goes elsewhere for his flowers. "I've got tired paying $1.50 apiece for my own roses, good and bad, and prefer to pay a florist to raise them for me," a greenhouse owner is quoted as saying.

Among the flowers that are expensive and correspondingly valued on that account are chrysanthemums. Choice Japanese varieties sell at from $5 to $10 a dozen. The more expensive kind are from eight to ten inches in diameter.

VIOLETS ALWAYS IN DEMAND.

Violets always have the call, and are never out of fashion, except when they cannot be had for love or money, which is seldom or never. They are used in house or table decorations as well as in bouquets and boutonnieres. A bunch of a hundred violets costs generally $2.50, but late in the season it will cost more.

As cost and not cheapness is an incentive to purchase, it is easy to believe that the amount of money spent in a year by New Yorkers in flowers and plants would keep thousands of poor families in comfort for the same length of time. What this amount is it is difficult even to guess at. Each florist is likely to estimate it differently. One is inclined to think that $5,000,000 a year is spent in cut flowers and as much more in plants. This estimate is based on the assertion that one wholesale florist—the chief, to be sure—did a business one year of $1,500,000. Stock that cost $1,500,000 wholesale may retail for $3,000,000, and $2,000,000 is certainly little enough to allow for the sale at retail of the stock of the other wholesale dealers. The cost of private greenhouses must be considered besides. Florists are sometimes paid $3,000 a year to take charge of greenhouses.

The flower bill of the comparatively poor, who do not buy plants, is a large one. More money, in proportion to the slender incomes of the buyers, is spent for flowers at funerals and weddings and in the sick room in tenements than by well to do people, who, the florists say, spend more in proportion than the very rich. The number of florists' shops in densely populated sections indicates that many flowers are bought by slender purses.

Flowers, too, are sometimes considered almost a necessity in the sick room; they often do more to cheer the sick than almost anything else. That is why the Flower mission, which seeks to supply flowers to the very poor who cannot pay for them, is one of the most practical of charities. Flowers at festivities and funerals are now sent by many persons to the patients of their favorite institutions. Very often a church is stripped of its floral decoration immediately after a wedding, and funeral flowers are not allowed time to wither.—New York Sun.

White Pitch.

A new white pitch for shipbuilders is coming into use, and which, it appears, supersedes the usual laborious, expensive and inadequate method of treating decks by working putty into the seams with a knife. The peculiarity of this white pitch is, as claimed, that it is the only material yet introduced of a white color that can be run into deck seams in a hot state like ordinary pitch. The material is especially suitable for hot climates, as it will stand the sun's heat instead of melting out of the seams.—Philadelphia Record.

The two sides of the human face are not exactly alike, and a German biologist asserts that the lack of symmetry, as a rule, is confined to the upper part of the face; in two cases out of five the eyes are out of line, and seven persons out of every ten have stronger sight in one eye than in the other; another singular fact is that the right ear is almost invariably higher than the left.

BUZZING HERALD OF THE WHITES.

The Wild Honey Bee Is a Sure Forerunner of Growing Civilization.

That abrupt and positive insect known as the honey bee is eminently a creature of civilization. It finds neither pleasure nor profit in savagery, and when you note one of these indefatigable individuals unloading some rich flower you may be sure the church and the school house are not far away. There are certain forms of animal and vegetable life which flourish only in concert with civilization. The bees have been mentioned, and as a sample of the latter white clover, which may be termed the natural food for the honey bee, might be pointed to. The honey bee has a requirement which confines its range to the timbered districts. It must have some hollow tree for residence purposes.

As long as civilization, literally speaking, was in the woods, the bee went with it. The earlier settlers and the bee were hand in hand, and the former plundered the latter and the latter stung the former with equal persistency through all the changing seasons of the year. The Indians realized in the advent of the bee the beginning of their end. They knew it as the forerunner of their fate; but, nevertheless, employed themselves in earnest quest of the honey it was known to represent, and for which dripping sweet commodity the aboriginal relish was great. Western Missouri was perhaps the greatest bee country that ever existed.

It was here that the tree growth found its last expression in the sparse and scrub by oak openings which, in happy alternation of tree and grass and sunlight, afforded vast fields for bee ambition to unfold itself. It was here, too, the bee said goodby to the white man as he pushed out on the prairie. Here the tree ceases, and here, perforce, the bees ceased also. They could go no further. So as year followed year with new communities of bees following hard the old, and all checked and held by the eastern boundary of the treeless plains, there came at last a day in these parts when a bee was swinging on every [illegible] and every hollow tree possessed its buzzing commonwealth.

Bee hunting came into furious fashion. The method was simple and primitive. A bee working on some flower was captured. A little, fluffy patch of cotton was fastened to his back with a paste of honey. He was released, and his flight narrowly watched. One of the most worthy characteristics of this admirable insect became the basis of its overthrow. A honey bee means business. Nothing of the jocular, the loiterer or the gossip abides in its make up. Whenever arrived the time for home the bee proceeded thither in a straight line.

It took the shortest and most direct route and made a bee line of it. So was its strength its weakness. The bee hunter got his direction from the flight of the bee, and usually had little difficulty in walking straight to the tree. It was then felled with an ax, and its store of comb and honey taken possession of. The bees of the tree attacked made little, if any, resistance. The catastrophe seemed to leave them in a state of bewilderment and daze, and they either buzzed aimlessly about or collected in a pendant huddle, clinging to some bow. The few that attempted to interfere with the spoiler at his work were easily disposed of with a little "smudge" of leaves.

No sooner would a bee tree fall than bees from rival communities at once put in a cheerful appearance, and worked away like so many enthusiastic wreckers on some Cornish coast to complete, to their own profit, the despoliation of their neighbors. As to whether the bees were taught this lesson by man, or the latter gained it from the bees, there is some difference of learned opinion, and no attempt will be made to settle the question here, but sure it is there was something sadly human in the promptitude with which the disaster of the one was made the advantage of the other.—Kansas City Star.

Corners in Flowers.

While flowers in some instances serve to express good will to men they are often the cause of strife among those who deal in them. "Flowers are just like stocks," a leading florist said. "They are not only up today and down to-morrow, owing to the market being under or over stocked, but dealers get up corners in them. No sooner is it known that a certain dealer has a large order to fill of a particular flower than some of the others at once buy up all in the market, so that he perhaps cannot fill the order, and in any event has to pay so much for the flower that he loses money. Once last season I lost a large order in that way. The man who had given it to me happened to tell another florist what the flower was, and that business rival at once bought up all in the market. Another flower had to be substituted, and I was a big pot of money out of pocket."—New York Sun.

Americans' Worthy Examples.

The American citizen is not content to exist as a mere animal. Physical well being does not limit his desire or aspiration. He is especially solicitous for the welfare and advancement of his children, and freely depletes a limited income in their education and training for a career in life, often upon other than ancestral lines. This tendency may become excessive, and is already to some extent creating a distaste for useful industry and a desire for conspicuous position, for accumulation without labor and speculative rather than productive occupation. Thus the average American lives upon a high plane, exciting the envy and emulation of people of other countries and inducing extraordinary immigration.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Watch for the Blind.

A watch by which blind people can tell the time by touch has been patented in England. It is an ordinary hunting watch with a smooth enameled dial, without glass or seconds, and immediately over each figure on the dial is a small projecting stud. Extra stout hands are provided, and in order to prevent their catching each other when pressed a small screw or stud is put through the head of the minute hand, which projects slightly on either side. The stud keeps the minute hand free from the dial, and permits it to pass safely over the hour hand, from which it is easily distinguished.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

AH, WHAT?

The room was ablaze, and the music was dying
In soft, lingering strains at the end of the dance,
When she lifted her flowers, half laughing, half sighing,
And gave me right shyly a rose and a glance.

A tender blush rose like the heart of a cupid,
A glance like the opening of flowers in May;
But the rose had a thorn, and my finger was crimsoned,
And in the rose petals a little elf lay.

She saw the small wound with a sweet perturbation,
With eyes softly pleading and lips half apart
She gave me her kerchief to bind up my finger—
Ah! what will she give me to bind up my heart?
—Frederic Langley in Judge.

Smoke Combustion.

John O'Brien, a boiler maker, says: "Whenever the subject of smoke consumption is agitated there are columns of theories about how the proper combustion can be secured, and the whole subject is discussed as an unrealized hope, just as air ships or perpetual motion are discussed. The fact is the smoke consumption problem has been solved for several years by what is known as a down draught furnace. There are several patterns of them, but the principle is the same. The furnace doors are left open, the coal is fed on a grate bar that is made of steam pipe connected with the boiler. Beneath the grate bar, on the ground level, is a brightly burning fire made by the coal dropping from above. The furnace is so constructed that when the doors are open the smoke passes downward and is consumed by the under fire. I have had such a furnace in operation for three years, and no one can see any smoke from my stack, while, after long investigation, I have learned that I have saved just one-third in coal."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Man and His World.

For all that we can foresee of the future, the dependence of man upon the conditions of his [illegible] nature. The good he wins he secures by obedience to the commands of his mother earth. Looking back over the history of life upon the earth's surface, the physiographer is forced to the conclusion that its highest estate embodied in the moral and intellectual qualities of man has been, in the main, secured by the geographic variations which have slowly developed through the geological ages. Thus our continents and seas cannot be considered as physical accidents in which and on which organic beings have found an ever perilous resting place, but as great engines operating in a determined way to secure the advance of life.—Professor N. S. Shaler in Scribner's.

A new flash light has recently been invented intended to take the place of several which have of late proved dangerous in practice. The composition consists largely of charcoal made from the silky down of the milk weed, a form of carbon preferred because of its freedom from ash.

Perils of Travel.

How many persons in the cars are there whose breath you would care to take once in passing? Yet by the daily practice of car management in cool or rainy weather we are compelled to breathe over and over the emissions of foul, uncleansed stomachs, of tuberculous lungs, of catarrhal membranes and whatever canker or unwholesome sore exists in the mouth and air passages. Is it any wonder that the full concentration sends the head swimming and the heart swooning with the mephitic gases? Besides the clean but deadly carbonic acid respired air contains specific animal putridity and a quantity of narcotic poison which is anything but salutary.

How much good does it do a man with enfeebled heart to ride half an hour morning and afternoon in such atmosphere? Is it what a physician would recommend to strengthen the failing heartbeat? Is it not rather a daily administering of malignant poison, which can have no other effect than steady lowering of already lessened vitality with accumulating force?

The ventilation of cars should not be left to the feelings of a brakeman whose only idea is to keep them warm enough. Neither are the ideas of a colored porter, who can sleep in a bunk with the soiled clothes next the heater in complete comfort, fit to regulate things for the comfort of sensitive men and women.

To many, as to myself, the idea of travel is a dread, an ordeal of unhealthy, disagreeable contact, an expense of life which one feels less and less able to incur. Just so there are certain large city shops where I never venture on account of the bad air and smells certain to be encountered.—Shirley Dare.

His Conscience Triumphed at Last.

A man on an Erie train the other day picked up from the car seat a package that the former occupant of the seat, who had left the train at the last station, had forgotten. He looked at the package critically, and then glanced at the conductor, who was at the other end of the train. He evidently thought himself unobserved, for after a couple of moments of reflection he put the package, which was a small one, into his pocket, and then resumed the reading of his paper.

But his mind was not at rest. His conscience troubled him. He tried a number of times to read, and each time removed the paper from his eyes and gazed into vacancy, lost in meditation. The conductor passed him, and it made him uneasy. He moved about nervously in his seat. Presently he folded up his paper, put it in his pocket, leaned his elbow against the window sill, and allowed his head to rest in the palm of his hand. He was having a hard struggle. It would have been interesting to know the drift of his thoughts.

Perhaps the question of the value of the package entered into them, but it is to be hoped that it did not. At any rate, his sense of justice triumphed. He raised his head from his hand in a determined way, and took the package from his pocket. It was easier to see that he was happier now that his mind was made up. The next time the conductor passed he handed him the package with the remark: "Here is something the lady who left the train at the last station forgot."—New York Tribune.

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A THIEF'S CONFESSION.

"MOLLIE MATCHES" TELLS HOW EASILY POCKETS ARE PICKED.

Very Little Danger of Detection—Methods of Getting Rid of the Plunder. Thieves Never Take Cheap Jewelry. Some Clever Work Upon Friends.

I once knew a pickpocket who would, on occasion, unbosom himself as to his work.

"I can," he said, "get a thousand pocketbooks before I am detected once, and then the discovery will occur through the clumsiness of one of my 'stalls.' Yes, it would seem as though my business would pay, but you must recall the fact that most pocketbooks do not contain much money. We open them frequently and find no money at all—nothing but receipts and other papers. Those we call 'readers.' We strike so many "readers' that money made in pocketpicking is not so great as one might think.

"Of all men on earth a pickpocket has to possess nerve and have it with him. The man who 'takes' as a rule passes the stuff out of his hands as soon as he can. If a thief carries a 'hot leather,' that is, some poketbook just taken, or that there is a row about, he doesn't put it in his pocket. He carries it under his vest, so that by simply drawing in his breath it will fall to the ground. He does this, of course, and lets the leather go in event of being taken. He will drop the wallet as he and the officer are walking along. In the dark its easy. Just drop the stuff and walk over it. I've walked over hundreds in my time. Where detectives make a mistake is in not searching men as soon as they grab 'em.

"Sometimes thieves get reckless, and will turn a trick for fun and just to demonstrate how smart they are. I saw a man once in the seat ahead of me on the train who put his pocketbook in his hip pocket after he paid his fare. Just to show what I could do I waited until he sat dozing in his seat. Then I began to push on the back of the seat with one knee, and as fast as I raised the back I held it by wedging my other foot in between it and the bottom of the seat. I lay back and pretended to sleep all this time myself, and I worked so slowly and so steadily that my friend never awoke at all. When I had the back of the seat raised so high that I could make the trip I reached under and took the pocketbook. It took forty-five minutes to get this pocketbook, and there wasn't anything in it then, but the people with me thought it was a great feat.

HOW A POCKET IS PICKED.

"Thieves never take a silver watch. It is not valuable enough. In getting watches the man who does the work stands still with his back to the party wanted. This sort of work will occur on race tracks and at any place where crowds are standing. The 'stalls' get behind the victim, and commence crowding until one way and another they get the gentleman square against the left shoulder of the pickpocket. On his left arm he carries a duster or shawl as a 'cover,' and when the victim is all placed the pickpocket goes through him with his right hand, reaching across himself to do the feat, covering his right arm and hand from sight with the duster on his left and looking steadily the other way all the time.

"The man who is robbed never sees the face of the man who takes his watch at all, and this is a great point in case he makes a roar. As a rule I never take the chain. They are mostly plated, and there's nothing in them. It is easier and quicker to take the watch alone. The rings are only sprung into the watch stem, not riveted, and as you take the watch you can twist the ring free from the watch and chain by an easy effort of the thumb and forefinger. You don't drop the ring; you bring watch and ring both, but separate from each other.

"Sometimes a very ticklish thing occurs. I get hold of a watch that opens easy and spring it open before I know it. Of course I've got to let it remain that way. Shutting the case is clean out of the question. Closing a watch case under those circumstances makes a noise like a gun.

"You cannot protect yourself from a pickpocket. He can get anything you have on but a ring from your finger. Your pin is his every time; so is your watch, and a tailor never made a pocket he cannot explore as thoroughly as if he took a lantern.

ENTERTAINING FRIENDS.

"I was talking with a gentleman one day as I am with you, and he called my attention to an emerald stone of great value which he wore in his scarf.

" 'Valuable, ain't it?' he asked.

" 'I should judge it was,' I said; 'but I don't know much about emeralds. A pure one, I hear, is worth as much as a diamond.

" 'So it is,' he replied; 'you would rather like this one I wear, wouldn't you?' and at that he laughed as if he supposed I couldn't look on anything without wanting to steal it.

" 'No,' I said, 'I don't want your emerald; they bring bad luck. If I wanted it I'd take it.'

" 'You couldn't get it. Its fastenings are harder to get at than you think.'

"We let the matter drop, and talked of something else. Something, as we talked, got into my eye and pained me greatly—eyelash, I guess. I was in great pain, and he volunteered to get it out. He worked about ten seconds, and then I winked and declared the eye all right. As he stepped back I handed him his emerald that he thought no one could get. He was very much astonished, but didn't say much. I could see that it destroyed his faith in those complex fastenings, though.

"Another time Robert A. Davidson and Judge Adams had been defending some of the family and got them clear, and we were giving them a little supper among other things by way of celebration. Talk turned on thieves and their work, and both Davidson and Adams, like every man on earth, thought it impossible to plunder them. You could rob other men, but they were altogether too keenly sensitive. They would know the minute a thief got within a block of 'em, to hear 'em tell it. While the talk was going on the boys robbed them of everything they had, even their eyeglasses. Of course we gave the stuff back.

"Well, I can't be with you always," he said. "I must go."

As he shook hands at parting he left my own pin in my hand. He had taken it from my scarf while we were talking. The pickpocket was "Mollie Matches."—Kansas City Times.

American Money in Ireland.

I was looking over Queenstown and a native pointed me to the splended cathedral: "Built by American money." The amount of money that comes into Ireland from the United States is uncounted, but it would foot up enormously. The fact is, that the loss to America by English misrule in Ireland is beyond computation.—Cor. Lewiston Journal.

Where the Chinese Excel.

An Australian manager who has imported hosts of oriental performers says that Japan excels in acrobats and Hindoostan in beast tamers, but that China stands unrivaled for sleight-of-hand tricksters of the mysterious and incomprehensible kind. The magicians of the flowery kingdom seem to form a special guild and transmit their trade secrets from generation to generation.—Exchange.

The Man Had the Call.

A man with a market basket on his arm was slowly toiling up the incline of the Brooklyn Bridge the other day when his attention was attracted to a boy on the roof of a building about 200 feet away. As soon as the man stopped the boy began imitating his walk, which was rendered ungraceful by a lame leg. Owing to the confusion it was impossible to hear what each said, but the man with the basket seemed to exclaim:

"If I only had my hands on you I'd make you sing a different tune in about a minute!"

And the boy seemed to reply:

"Come, now, old chap, but don't get husky over a bit of fun."

The man on the bridge was taken with a sudden fit of coughing. The boy followed suit. The man shook his fist in the direction of the roof. The boy shook his in the direction of the bridge. Then the man seemed to be saying:

"Ah! you young wretch, you are treading the path to the gallows!"

The boy gestured with his right hand in imitation and seemed to reply:

"If I was as crusty as you are I'd have been hung long ago."

Then he put his thumb on his nose and twirled his fingers in a spirited manner, and it looked as if he would come out a winner. Indeed, the man had started on when he suddenly stopped, sat down his basket, and after feeling for half a minute he brought out a hen's egg. It was a large, solid looking specimen of what an American hen can do, and the man spat on the palm of his right hand.

The boy imitated him. Then the man drew back his right arm. The boy also imitated that maneuver. With a raise on his toes and a suppressed "ha!" the man let fly, and three or four seconds later the egg struck the boy on that part of the anatomy vulgularly referred to as the "bread basket." He doubled up and then went to grass, and as the man lifted his basket and passed on nobody nor nothing had any more remarks to make.—New York Sun.

How the Alhambra Was Saved.

This is how the alarm was raised of the fire in the Alhambra of Granada. At 10.30 at night a picador was standing at a window, and as he gazed upward at the old Moorish palace looming out in the darkness on the brow of the heights he noticed a strange glare, then smoke. He shouted to his companions, "Flames and smoke are issuing from the Alhambra." They dashed into the streets and raised an alarm. Some rushed to the telephone to advise the civil governor, the police, the garrison and the firemen. Soon the church bells began to sound the "tocsin."

Southern Spaniards turn night into day in the hot summer months, and but few inhabitants had retired. A crowd gathered, gesticulating and lamenting with Andalusian impetuosity. Thousands followed the police, troops and firemen to the [illegible] inclosure of the Alhambra. The first were the mayor, the civil governor, priests and a few citizens eager to volunteer assistance. They were joined by the foreign and native visitors from the Siete Suelos and Washington Irving hotels, situated half way up the hill.

In his house, not fifty yards from his burning charge, the "consevador," or director of the Alhambra, Senor Contreras, happened to be unsuspectingly entertaining friends. At the Alhambra a sleepy porter opened the gates and was perfectly amazed to hear that the place was on fire in his rear. It seems that there was no night watch, no preparations of any kind to combat a fire, no hose, no fire engine.

Perhaps those who saw the spectacle to greatest advantage were the gypsies on the Albaicin hill opposite, who sallied from their caves and hovels. The gypsies were as anxious as the crowds in the Granada below for the safety of their jewels, "La Yoya de Granada," to use their graphic and enthusiastic expression. Not a few vows and prayers were made to "Maria Santissima" and all the saints of the Catholic calendar in that dread night in the city of Boabdil.—London News.

Why Boys Are So Wicked.

There is a difference between boys and men but it is a difference of self knowledge chiefly. A boy wants to do everything because he does not know he cannot; a man wants to do something because he knows he cannot do everything; a boy always fails, and a man sometimes succeeds because the man knows and the boy does not know. A man is better than a boy because he knows better; he has learned by experience that that which is harm to others is a greater harm to himself, and he would rather not do it. But a boy hardly knows what harm is, and he does it mostly without realizing that it hurts. He cannot invent anything; he can only imitate, and it is easier to imitate evil than good. You can imitate war, but how are you going to imitate peace?

So a boy passes his leisure in contriving mischief. If you get another fellow to walk into a wasp's camp you can see him jump and hear him howl, but if you do not then nothing at all happens. If you set a dog to chase a cat up a tree, then something has been done; but if you do not set the dog on the cat then the cat lies in the sun and sleeps, and you lose your time. If a boy could find out some way of doing good, so that he could be active in it, very likely he would want to do good now and then, but as he cannot he very seldom wants to do good.—W. D. Howells.

Dillon's Father.

John Dillon ought to tell his American friends how his father, John Blake Dillon contrived to make his escape to your hospitable shores in 1848. It was after the abortive rebellion in that year. Dillon contrived to evade detection and to make his way aboard a vessel bound for New York. He disguised himself as a priest—shaving his face and donning priestly attire. During the voyage a love lorn pair besought him to unite them in wedlock, and their fellow passengers united their supplications to those of the enamored couple. This was an awkward predicament, but Dillon's wit got him out of it. "My children," quoth he solemnly, "the faculties granted me by my bishop will not permit me to celebrate a marriage outside my diocese."—Eugene Field in Chicago News.

The Siamese have great regard for odd numbers, and insist on having an odd number of windows, doors and rooms in their houses and temples. There must be an odd number of steps in the stairs and an odd number of feet in the height of all steeples and minarets.

About 377,000,000 silver dollars have been coined, all but $2,000,000 or $3,000,000 of which are in circulation either in the coin form or in certificates. In addition to this, there are about $11,000,000 of the new silver bullion notes in circulation.

To Train the Nerves.

The eye is the best medium through which to establish the power of concentration and the poise of the nervous system. When one is subject to erratic movements careful practice of the following exercises will do much toward establishing nerve control. In fact persons lacking nerve control should never wittingly make rapid motions.

Place the palms of the hands toward each other. Bring the fingers as closely together as possible without allowing them to touch. At first the hands will tremble, but with each day's practice they will grow more steady, and ultimately the fingers can be held within an infinitesimal part of an inch of each other and still not touch.—Mabel Jenness in Jenness-Miller Magazine.

Advantages of Compressed Air.

Aside from the advantages to the users of power there are other advantages to the public from the use of compressed air. It would enable manufacturers to establish their power plants outside the cities, thus saving to the public the annoyance of smoke and exhaust steam. It would supply instead of these large volumes of pure air to the parts of the cities where work was being done. Again, it has been shown by Professor Tyndall that the compression of air destroys organic germs which it contains.—Youth's Companion.

FOOLING THE CAMERA.

Painted Faces May Deceive the Lenses of the Photographers.

Some of our girls are learning how to be photographed beautifully and trickily. Have you observed and wondered, said one of the most celebrated of the camera men, how well the actresses manage to look when the eye of the camera is focused upon them? Well, I can tell you how to do as well as they do. First, choose an artistic photographer. No matter how much you know about what you want and what to wear, there are matters of view, and light and shade, for which you must depend absolutely upon him.

But he will not be able to advise you how to make up your face, and will probably object sweepingly to any such device. That is where he is mistaken. If he were wise he would know how to pose a girl, and then with a bit of white and a bit of black chalk make her lovely for that view. Several of the New York photographers do this now. The stock pose, into which photographers, on general principles, put victims over whom they don't intend to bother, is three-quarters, which is an abomination to most faces.

There is small chance for expression; the eye gets no show at all, and the contour of the cheek, which is seldom beautiful, except in children, is betrayed. You will find they have a rooted objection to full face positions. I have never been able to discover why. There is a tendency to raise one eyebrow higher than the other, or look cross eyed; but it is their business to look out for that and stop you if your features begin to wander around your face.

Now, in painting a face for photography the eyes can safely be made up a great deal. Put black under the eye, only don't let it be just one heavy black line. Shadow it out softly. Blacken the lashes as much as they will stand, only don't let them be lumpy. Increase the apparent length and sweep of the upper lid, by which the size of the eye is judged, with a line continuing the line of the lashes and a parallel one continuing the line of the crease that shows just above when the eye is open. Draw these only as long as can be done without their showing as lines.

An actress obtained a clever picture, in which the effect of very long lashes is given by lines, presumably shadows thrown by said lashes, painted above the eye, just under the eyebrows. Use red very carefully. Your lips probably need painting into an improvement upon their own shape. Do it softly and with very faint red. Red takes black. Look carefully and you will trace a hard line about the lips of many actresses' photographs. Sometimes you don't need to look carefully. If you want a dimple to show specially you can heighten its light and shade a little, but unless your photographer poses you so that the device does not betray itself the effect will be a failure.

Having thus accentuated your face don't disturb its arrangement by a smile or smirk or any other [illegible] of expression when the lens is opened on you. Otherwise art and nature will make a hopeless mess of your features. But if you have planned an expression in harmony with the make up, save it till the last moment. The operator is bound to grip the back of your neck with his monkey wrench, and if you hang on to your joyful smile all through that ordeal you will get something demoniac and wild to send to your friends.—New York Sun.

Ill Ventilated Churches.

Next to public conveyances the churches and theatres are the worst ventilated. I have in mind one bright June morning when I went to a church whose invitation to "Turn aside and rest awhile" had attracted me on a week day. The air of the congregation, devout and orderly, was congenial, the service every way attractive; but the air of the building, drawn from the subcellar mostly, was too much for a well worked brain to endure, and a splitting headache sent me out at close of lessons.

A walk in the fresh air relieved it, and I turned into a Fifth avenue church, hoping to get the benefit of the last half of a sermon. It is a church of great respectability and wealth, which prints its musical programme weekly, as for a Chickering hall concert. But whether the aroma which filled its aisles this Sunday was dead rat or dead Christian in its vaults, it was anything but the odor of sanctity. I did want to hear the closing numbers of its music, but I went out in a state of ocean passenger three hours out.

The obtuseness of the senses in excellent, stall fed, broadclothed pew owners with genuine old family catarrhal tendencies is something to marvel at. Churches ought to be open daily, if only to get the musty smell out—the odor a little boy described as "a prayer meeting smell," considering it peculiar to the place.—Shirley Dare.

An Electric Ghost.

A story which, whether true or not, is at all events "well found" is told in a New York paper. A contractor, under the stress of financial tightness, sold a house very much under its value. Puzzling his wits to recover his property, he hit on the idea of working on the superstitious fears of the new owner. Every night the purchaser heard wrappings and other strange noises, but the tenants were not disturbed. The noises had at last such an effect on the nerves of the frantic owner that he was in the act of dashing himself from the roof to the ground in a fit of insanity when some of the neighbors came on the scene and prevented him.

An examination of the building resulted in the finding of an electrical knocker, which had been hung over the roof and made available for operation on any desired point. This was the bogey which had driven the new owner out of his wits, and the contractor, on being confronted with the facts, confessed that he had adopted this method of frightening him into giving up the property.

Mrs. Frank Leslie's Idea of Work.

Work? Work is my god. Hard, unending, unrequited labor. I love it. Shall I tell you why? It is because it makes me forget myself, because it removes from me the dull, dead past with all its weight of sorrow and pain, and makes me strong again through its power to bless. I look on work as a great boon. Shall I tell you all in a word? Work—oblivion. Work—eternal self forgetfulness. Work—annihilation of selfishness, of time, space and eternity. And so I say, freely and gladly, Work is my god—blessed be drudgery!—Mrs. Leslie's Interview in Detroit Free Press.

The nerves of the human body derive their origin from the medulla oblongata and medulla spinalis; there are forty pairs of these nerves, nine originating from the medulla oblongata and thirty-one from the medulla spinalis. By "nerves" is meant a bundle of nervous fibers, which are innumerable, about 3,000 occupying an inch. It has been estimated that the human body contains at least 10,000,000 nervous fibers.

Laborers Lunch at 9:30 in St. Louis.

In all the big manufacturing establishments of the city the morning lunch hour is an institution that employers must respect as much as they do the noon recess. At 9:30 o'clock, should you be in the manufacturing districts, you will hear a blowing of whistles and a ringing of bells and a general shutting down of machinery. A small percentage of workmen are immediately seen to emerge from the shops and make their way to the nearest saloon with its sign of "Hot Lunch at 9:30." Perhaps a boy will be seen with his row of tin buckets strung on poles, but step inside and you will see that every man is eating something. Down in South St. Louis it is the rule to have an afternoon lunch, but that is not general in North St. Louis.

What threatened to be a serious strike was caused by an order from the owner of the largest cooper shop in the country cutting down the lunch hour from thirty minutes to twenty minutes. The entire 800 men and boys at once laid down their tools and walked out. The proprietor knew that the men would make a stubborn fight against this infringement of what they fancied to be a hereditary right, and gave in after two hours of parley.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

FATE.

The sky is clouded, the rocks are bare,
The spray of the tempest is white in air;
The winds are out with the waves at play,
And I shall not tempt the sea today.

The trail is narrow, the wood is dim,
The panther clings to the arching limb;
And the lion's whelps are abroad at play
And I shall not join in the chase today.

But the ship sailed safely over the sea,
And the hunters came from the chase in glee;
And the town that was builded upon a rock
Was swallowed up in the earthquake shock.
—Bret Harte.

About Wearing a Dress Suit.

It is a question that admits of no argument. The walking suit or Prince Albert for anything and everything before 6 o'clock, and the dress suit for anything and everything afterward. If an entertainment commences in the sunlight and concludes leagues into the night the "cutaway" (walking suit) or Prince Albert—though the latter is not so much worn as formerly—are the suits to be worn. On the other hand, if night has come or 6 o'clock a gentleman can don his dress suit at home for large or small entertainments, for the theatre, opera or anything else, and feel confident of being properly dressed, even though he find himself the only man in regulation costume. Embarrassment need not follow, excepting on the part of the others at their not being clothed in the same manner.

It is a question continually arising. Many times a man will extend invitations to his friends to dine and attend the theatre, and hesitates about wearing a dress suit for fear of embarrassing his friends if they should not be as thoughtful. This should not be the cause of hesitancy. It is correct, and the custom should be established. If a man has any time to devote to pleasure his first thought should be to provide himself with proper costumes.

It is a duty that he owes himself. Not so much for the sake of toadying to conventionality as that it is restful to throw off all thought of care and business from the body as well as the mind. As far as the conventionality is concerned, it is eminently more proper and in much better form to appear in the threadbare business suit in the evening than in the dress suit under the light of the sun.—Teresa H. Dean in Chicago Herald.

Sure Death.

Aus der Ohm—The law respecting electrical executions is all right. There's no use in changing the law; all that should be changed is the method of administering the shock.

Van Volt—How would you have it done?

Aus der Ohm—Send the condemned man out to repair dead wires.—Puck.

More than 300 different industries enter into the building of every ocean steamship. To build a 2,500 ton steamship requires 600 men in direct and constant employment, averaging $500 per man. The sum of $30,000 is thus distributed to the trades. To run such a vessel costs about $35,000 outside of the salary list, which is over $40,000.

Wanamaker's

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, Dec 3, 1890.

How about the Jacket, Madame? If you need one there's a splendid choice here. No old-coat-made-new business, but just the best selected, best arranged, best-in-all-ways stock we ever had—which means unmatched anywhere. Ten prices from fifty:

At $5—
Cheviot Reefer, half-inch stitched edge.
At $6—
Cheviot Reefer, worsted binding.
At $7—
All-Wool Cassimere Reefer, stitched edge.
At $8—
Square collar Cheviot Reefers, ornaments in front, satin trimmed.
At $10—
All-wool Cheviot Reefer, bound.
All-wool Beaver Jacket, full shawl collar of Astrakhan cloth.
At $12—
Cheviot Reefers, bound all around, shawl collar, bottom and cuffs with real Astrakhan fur.
At $14—
Cheviot Reefer with full rolling shawl collar of Astrakhan fur, loop ornaments and olives.
At $20—
Fine Cheviot Jacket, square shawl collar, full roll of real Astrakhan fur sleeves and half front lined with silk rhadame.
At $16 to $25—
Full lined Reefers in Cheviots, Corkscrews, Diagonals.
At $20 to $60—
Fine fur trimmed Jackets, trimmed with Astrakhan, Mink, Wool Seal, Gray Krimmer, Marten, Beaver.

Second floor, Chestnut street.

These Men's $3 Shoes would be $4 at least in the ordinary shoe store, and even then you wouldn't be certain of equal style and fit, or, may-hap, quality.

At $3—
Blutcher cut, a nobby Shoe and good fitter, in fine calf. Goodyear welt, flexible and elastic as hand-sewed work.
At $3—
An English Lace Shoe, Enameled Leather (saves blacking), Piccadilly toe.
At $3—
Fine Calf Shoe, in four styles of lace. Dressy and easy.

Step by step up to $9. Probably more kinds of Men's Shoes than you'll find in any other three stores in town.

Market street side, west of main aisle.

Down Quilts and Pillows are the tip-top of luxury in a Bed or Couch covering—if you get one of the right sort. There's the rub. Half-cleaned Down is so much easier to get, and sleasy coverings are so much cheaper that the dealer must be wide awake to keep such rubbish out of stock. Plenty of dealers don't care to.

We guarantee every Quilt and Pillow free from animal odor, and so well covered that the Down can't get through.

The assortment of these goods is the completest we've ever shown.

6 feet square $6—
Covered with good quality sateen, clean down filling free from quills or strippings.
Extra large, 6x7 feet, covered with best quality English Turkey chintz, $6.25.
6 feet square $10, 6x7 feet $11—
Fine quality French sateen both sides, filled with best quality down.
6 feet square $15, 6x7 feet $17.50—
Figured China silk one side and block-print sateen the other, best down filling.
6 feet square $17.50, 6x7 feet $20—
Choice patterns China silk both sides, interlined, best down filling.

Wanamaker's.

And better and better up to $60.

Billowy Down Pillows to match in all the right shape and sizes—square, oblong, round—Chair Rests, Slumber Rolls, Melons, Knapsacks.

Near Women's Waiting Room.

Look in the Book Store. You'll wonder where such mountains of Books can go to. Tables heaped higher than your head; fixtures loaded almost to the ceiling. Marvelous, isn't it? But you don't see half of them. There are great rooms out of sight stuffed full with thousands more. Not a thin place in the whole stock. And everything is fixed to make your choosing easy.

Special place for newest Books.
Standard works by themselves.
Poetry, Fiction, Art, each grouped.
Illustrated Gift Books here,
Juvenile Publications there.

Christmas Cards, Booklets, Calendars and Novelties generally have nearly 100 feet of special counter.

A 96-page Catalogue, of Books and a 16-page list of Booklets, Calendars and the like free to any asker.

But if you want to get at the very heart of the new Books go to Book News. December number (132 big pages, 67 pictures) will be out on Monday. It holds a mirror up to every Book of the season. Price 5 cents. Likely to save you a dollar for every cent it costs—if you buy many Books.

Twenty-one volumes of the Britannica ready, the other four almost due. Bear in mind, this edition has been improved by many re-written articles. We are sole agents for Philadelphia.

Near Thirteenth street entrance.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Miscellaneous.

Scribner's Magazine

For the coming year will be noteworthy for a number of special features which the Publishers believe are of very unusual interest, and among them the following may be mentioned:—

Sir Edwin Arnold

contributes to the December number the first of a series of four *Articles upon Japan*, its people, its ways, and its thoughts. Mr. Robert Blum, who was commissioned to go to Japan for Scribner's Magazine, has prepared a very remarkable series of drawings to illustrate Sir Edwin's papers. Articles upon the recent *Japanese Festival* will follow, illustrated by Mr. Blum

Henry M. Stanley

has prepared for the January number an important article upon *"The Pygmies of the Great African Forest."* Another contribution in this field will be Mr. J. Scott Keltie's account of the recent *African Exhibition* held in London. Both papers will be amply illustrated.

The Wrecker,

a Serial Novel by Robert Louis Stephenson and Lloyd Osborne, will run through a large part of the year. Illustrated by Hole. A two-part story by Frank R. Stockton will also appear.

Prof. James Bryce, M. P.,

author of "The American Commonwealth," will write a series of *Four Articles upon India*, embodying the results of his recent journey and studies on this land of never-ending interest.

Ocean Steamships

will be the subject of an important series somewhat upon the lines of the successful Railroad Articles. *"Passenger Travel," "The Life of Officers and Men," "Speed and Safety Devices,"* and *"Management,"* are some of the subjects touched upon and illustrated

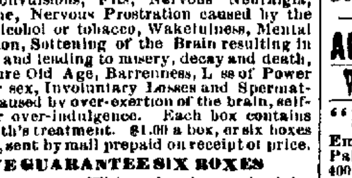
Great Streets of the World

is the title of a novel collection of articles on which the author and artist will collaborate to give the characteristics of famous thoroughfares The first, on *Broadway*, will be written by Richard Harding Davis, and illustrated by Arthur B. Frost. Others will follow on *Piccadilly*, London; *Boulevard*, Paris; *The Corso*, Rome.

The price of Scribner's Magazine admits of adding a subscription to one's other reading at very small cost. Orders should be sent at once. $3.00 A YEAR. 25 CENTS A NUMBER.

Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers,
743-745 Broadway, New York.

Health is Wealth!



Dr. E. C. West's Nerve and Brain Treatment, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhea caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. $1.00 a box, or six boxes for $5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES

To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5.00 we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by M. Tidd, Druggist, Trenton, N. J.

$500 Reward!

WE will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely Vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Sugar Coated. Large boxes, containing 30 Pills, 25 cents. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by the John C West Company, Chicago, Ill. Sold by M. Tidd, Druggist, Trenton, N. J.

HOGUET'S

WHOLESALE & RETAIL

Pioneer Drug Store!

Nos. 13 & 15 Mill (Main) Street, Bristol Pa.

The Oldest and Largest in Bucks County. (Established in 1844.) By the present proprietor.
A large stock of first class
Drugs, Medicines. Chemicals, Toilet Articles Soaps, Brushes, Perfumery, Patent Medicines, Sponges, Chamois Skins, Paints, Oils, Glass, Putty, Varnishes, Dye Stuffs, Diamond Dyes, &c.

Also SPICES of all kinds, WARRANTED PURE, at low prices.

Physicians' Prescriptions Accurately Compounded.

L. A. HOGUET
Druggist and Pharmacist

Miscellaneous

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Gas and Gasoline Stoves,
Hardware and Cutlery.
727 Market St., Phila.
Send for Circular.

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Practical Watchmaker, Jeweler and Optician,
(Late of Queen & Co)
2037 North Front Street,
Between Diamond and Norris Streets, for the proper fitting of Eye Glasses, Spectacles. Full assortment Spectacles to select from. A thorough examination of the eyes free of charge.

MILKMAID BRAND CONDENSED MILK

Nothing better for babies.
Full Cream. Full Weight
Best on Earth.
For sale by
S. I. WHITAKER.
Phila. Cash Grocery & Beef Market,
Radcliffe & Market, Bath & Buckley.

SPOROZONE.

WE GUARANTEE TO CURE every case of Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, and Female Diseases, where any Specialist has failed. We can treat you by mail. Our terms are lower than any and we take small weekly payments. Send for particulars

SPOROZONE COMPANY,
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SAFE, SURE & SPEEDY CURE

Rupture, Varicocele and Special Diseases. Why be humbugged by quacks, when you can find in Dr. Wright the only regular physician in Philadelphia who makes a specialty of the above diseases and cures them? Cures guaranteed Advice free, day and evening. Strangers can be treated and return home same day. Offices private.

DR. W. H. WRIGHT,
241 North Ninth Street, above Race,
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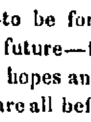
FOR SALE OR RENT.

IN Bristol on Jefferson avenue, near river, and in very desirable location, a stone residence, nearly new, with 13 rooms, broad piazzas, trees, water, gas, furnace and all modern improvements. Immediate possession given, terms moderate and payments easy. Apply to A. Weir Gilkeson, agent, Jesse O. Thomas, Gazette office, or MRS. M. B. O. THOMAS, Jefferson Avenue.

Also for Sale—First-class Piano, Mantel Mirror, Sewing Machine, et. al.

M. B. O Thomas.



The New York WORLD never crows. For what it has done it asks no favor and no consideration. That is ancient history—to be forgotten. It looks only to the future—to the work to be done. Our hopes and fears, our joys and sorrows are all before us—not one behind.

In THE WORLD'S work for 1891 every American citizen is vitally interested, and not one—no matter what his politics may be—can afford to be without its weekly edition, which has not an equal on earth as a newspaper. Nine men out of every ten know this to be true. Every tenth man should send to-day for a specimen copy, that the knowledge may be universal.

Subscribe at once. Three months costs only 25 cents and by every week's delay you miss something worth more than the subscription price for the year—which is only one dollar. Address THE WORLD, New York.

BEES FOR SALE.

WILL SELL MY ENTIRE OUTFIT VERY LOW, or will exchange for Pigeons, ten colonies of Italian bees—extra hives and other fixtures for a complete apiary. A chance seldom offered.

F. WARDALL TAYLOR, Langhorne, Pa.

YOUNG'S DRUG STORE,

55 Bath St., Bristol, Pa.

We have on hand a large & well selected stock of

Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals,
Perfumery & Toilet Articles,

White Lead, Oils & Varnishes.

Agent for the sale of Nice & Raw's

Ready Mixed Paints.

These Paints are guaranteed to be the best in this market.

We give personal attention to the compounding of Physician's Prescriptions, at all hours, day or night, and guarantee PURITY and ACCURACY always.

Dentistry : oooooooooooooo :

GET OUT YOUR BAD TEETH BEFORE COLD WEATHER.

Until further Notice G. W. ADAMS will be in his office every day. ANÆSTHESIA A SPECIALTY.

NO. 3 MULBERRY ST., BRISTOL.

Dentifrice, Brushes and Powder for sale.

AGENTS WANTED for Dr. Talmage's New Book, covering his life's work and great trip "To, Through, and From the Christ-Land," entitled

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Embracing a New Life of Christ, and a Story of Palestine and its People, illustrated with over 400 wonderful engravings of scenery in Holy Land, copies of old masters, and famous pictures from the Land and Times of the Saviour, also a grand picture of Jerusalem on the day of the crucifixion, in 12 colors and ten feet in length. This is DR. TALMAGE'S life work and his greatest book. Orders are now pouring in from all parts of the civilized world. You will never have another like it. 1,000,000 copies will be sold the first year. Agents should drop all else and secure territory. Such chances come only once in a lifetime. Exclusive territory given—full protection. The most remarkable and wonderful of all books about the Land, Times and people of the Bible. Go to work NOW and you will make hundreds of dollars. Territory going with a rush; act now; no capital needed. Name territory you want, and write at once for particulars to

HISTORICAL PUBLISHING CO.,
3941 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

In the Orphans' Court of Bucks County.

Estate of Chas. G. Stout, Deceased.

To the Heirs of Charles G. Stout, deceased, and all others interested:

You are hereby notified, that the Orphans' Court of said County, awarded an Inquest to make partition and valuation of certain real estate of the said Charles G. Stout, deceased, consisting of a message and lot of land situated on the North-Easterly side of Walnut street, between Wood and Pond streets, in Bristol Borough, Bucks County, Pa., containing eighteen feet in front, on said Walnut street, with a depth of one hundred and twenty-three feet, ten inches, extending to an alley, bounded on the north by land of William H. Doble and on the south by land of Ann Stocks.

And that said inquest will be held on the said premises, on Saturday, the thirteenth day of December, A. D., 1890, at ten o'clock, A. M., at which time and place you are requested to attend, if you think proper.

JOSEPH R. COMLY, Sheriff.
Wm. & J. C. Stuckert, Attys.
Sheriff's Office, Doylestown, Pa., Nov. 11, '90.

Miscellaneous

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER.

The question is often asked why we do not add to our immense stock of dry goods, other departments, such as shoes, toys, books, etc. We have from the first, held to the belief, that we should sell DRY GOODS ALONE, and do that right. Hence we concentrate all our facilities on this one line, and from the encomiums that reach us from our customers, we believe we do it well.

Recognizing that frequently it would be a convenience to our friends, who may wish to send an order for dry goods, to add to it, items in other lines, we will take pleasure in purchasing and forwarding at the lowest market prices, any article that may be wanted, if they can be had in Philadelphia; with the exception of goods not mailable, or that cannot be properly packed with dry goods for transportation. Should orders for such goods be received, we will promptly hand them to reliable houses selling the same, without assuming any responsibility in reference to the delivery or quality of the goods.

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER,

Market St., Eighth St., Filbert St.,
PHILADELPHIA.

SPECIAL BARGAINS

IN CLOTHING.

We have secured property adjoining our New Store at Thirteenth and Chestnut streets, and will begin the erection of a large building. In the Spring we shall remove our business in the Ledger Building to the New Store, which is the most centrally located in Philadelphia. Great Bargains for Men and Boys before removal. This large stock of Suits and Overcoats will be sold at a Great Reduction in Prices.

A. C. Yates & Co.,

6th and Chestnut. Ledger Building. — 13th and Chestnut. New Store.
PHILADELPHIA.

ABOUT PRINTING.

WE desire to call the attention of the public to the fact that the Job Department of the "Bucks County Gazette" is better equipped than any printing office in Bristol, or in the lower end of the county, in all material that is needed to produce excellent printing.

It contains the largest assortment of type, selected with care for beauty of face and diversity of work, together with a great variety of cuts, rules, borders, etc. It has four different sizes of presses, of the best makes, which perform the work in the best manner, and print with rapidity.

THE stock of paper, envelopes, cardboard and cut cards is large and varied, and the whole is under the personal and direct supervision of Geo. R. Sherman, an experienced and practical workman.

Special attention is given to printing of sale bills. Work of this character we make a point of getting done on the same day that it is ordered. Visiting and business cards, envelopes, circulars, dodgers, hand bills, [illegible] letter and bill-heads, books, pamphlets and all other printing done promptly and correctly. Mourning stationery kept constantly on hand.

Printing in Colors a Specialty.

Presses Run by Steam Power.

Full Count on all Jobs Guaranteed.

*Prices the Lowest. Liberal discounts given on large orders. We do more Printing and have better facilities than the other offices in Bristol combined, and consequently we have the trade, and are determined to keep it. Give the office a call and be convinced.

GAZETTE PRINTING HOUSE,
Odd Fellow's Hall, Cor. of Radcliffe and Walnut Sts.

ESTABLISHED 1862.

JAMES H. BIRCH,

MANUFACTURER OF

LIGHT

Carriages, Harness and Sleighs,

BURLINGTON, N. J., U. S. A.

It is with much pleasure that I inform my old customers and those interested in Carriages that I have added another large factory in connection with my business, and now have one of the Largest Warerooms in the State, where I have at all times the following list of Carriages and Wagons: Buggies, Ladies' and Doctors Phaetons, Extension Top Phaetons, Six-Passenger Extensions, Jump Seats and Light Jenny Linds, Russian Surries, (and other styles), Spindle Wagons and Buckboards in Natural Wood finish, all styles of Canopy Tops, Germantowns, with and without doors; Butcher, Delivery, Huckster and Jaggar Wagons and Carts, with all the novelties in Springs and Gentlemen's Pleasure and Driving Wagons. I have made great improvements in all my work for 1890.

What others offer you is not my business, except, by the law of competition, I am required to give you as ample return for your money as any one else if I expect your trade; that I know I am prepared to do, but I must satisfy you also.

Think this over and look into it before you purchase your work for 1890; if you question this, give me a chance to prove it, by coming to see my work or sending sample order. On all my work for 1890 I put a Tire-bolt through the felloe between each spoke.

I use all the Standard Springs, viz.: Brewster, Timken, King, Dexter, Thomas Coil and all the Duplex Novelties, also Steel Axles and Tires.

I have constantly on hand a large assortment of Harness of all kinds, also an immense stock of Sleighs for the general trade.

Send for Catalogue of General Variety of our Work.

JESSE O. THOMAS,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
BRISTOL, PA.

JOHN NIMON,

DEALER IN FINE
Groceries, Provisions, Fruit & Vegetables,
FRESH DAILY.
My Teas and Coffees are the Best.
COR. WOOD AND WASHINGTON STREETS.

NewspaperARCHIVE®

The Bucks County Gazette.

☞Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second class matter.

THURSDAY, DEC. 4. 1890.

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

NEW YORK—Arrives at 7.00, 10 45 A. M., 7.15 P. M. Closes at 7.00, 8 15, 11 30 A. M., 4.00, 6.45 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA—Arrives at 7 00, 7.45 A. M., 4.00, 5 00, 7 15 P. M. Closes at 5 45, 10 00 A. M., 2.45, 6.30 P. M.

NEWPORTVILLE—Arrives at 8 00 A. M. and leaves at 8.08 A. M.

EMILIE, OXFORD VALLEY, &c.—Arrives at 10.10 A. M. Close at 11 45 A. M.

BELVIDERE DIVISION—Arrives at 10.45, A. M., 3.12, 7.30 P. M. Close at 7.00, 10 00 A. M.

TULLYTOWN, PENN VALLEY, MORRISVILLE—Arrives at 10.45 A. M., 3.30 P. M. Closes at 7.00 A. M., 4.00 P. M.

TRENTON—Arrives at 7 00, 10 00 A. M., 3.30, 7 45 P. M. Leaves at 7.00, 8 45 A. M., 4.00 and 6 45 P. M.

WESTERN—Arrives at 7 45, 10.00 A. M.

Mails for the West and South go by every Philadelphia mail.

Post Office closes 8 00 P. M. Saturday, 8.30 P. M. Open Sunday from 8 to 9 A. M.

W. H. H. FINE, P. M.

PENNSYLVANIA R. R. TIME TABLE.

IN EFFECT JUNE 21, 1890.

Leave Bristol for Philadelphia at 2.46, 5.35, 6.30, 6 58, 7 21, 7.43, 8.12, 8.23, 9.14, 9.42, 9.52, 10 26, A. M. 12.07, 1.01, 1.34, 2.41, 3.03, 3 12, 4.05, 5 37, 5.46, 6 25, 7 00, 7.32, 8.51, 9.27, 11.03, P. M.

Sundays at 2 46, 8.11, 9.00, 9.42, 10.26, A. M. 12.04, 12.25, 5.33, 5.38, 7.21, 7.30, 8.03, 8.51, 9.28, 11.03, P. M.

Leave Broad St. Station for Bristol at 12.01, 6.07, 6 28, 6.50, 7.32, 8 25, 8.30, 10.01, 11 15 A. M. 12.01, 1.50, 2.43, 3.32, 4.00, 4.20, 5.00, 5.02, 5 25, 6.00, 6 02, 6.31, 7.03, 7.27, 9.17, 11.17, P. M.

Sundays at 12.01, 7.40, 8.25, 8.30, 9.12, A. M. 2.06, 5.28, 5.55, 7.03, 8.12, 10.25, P. M.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

—Winter has set in.

—The School Board meets to-night.

—Court is in session at Doylestown.

—Council meets next Monday evening.

—Elmer E. Johnson, of Tullytown, has a new trotter.

—The Bristol stores are receiving their Holiday goods.

—There is a good deal of unhusked corn in this vicinity.

—The fog last night was thick enough to cut with a cheese knife.

—The steamer Florence has discontinued her trips for the Winter.

—Margeum Brothers drive a four year old horse, that is seventeen hands high.

—Mr. E. M. Wood went to New York yesterday to lay in a stock of holiday goods.

—There was no money sold at the Bristol Building Association last Monday evening.

—About a dozen new houses will be erected at Cornwells this season by the Drexels.

—The members of Hopkins Lodge gave an entertainment this evening at Riverview Hall.

—Messrs. Elwood and Joseph Heston and M. Harned will sail for Europe on the 24th of December.

—The Executive Council of the Board of Trade met last night. No business of interest was brought before the meeting.

—The trial of Kate Waters for selling liquor without a license and for keeping a disorderly house is in progress at Doylestown to-day.

—List of letters remaining in Bristol Post Office, December 4th, 1890: J. Cutterman, Mrs. Wm. Johnson, Miss E. L. Jones, J. F. Kelly, 2.

—A young child of William Reed, Bensalem, was found dead in the cradle a few days ago. The physician pronounced the death due to heart disease.

—The Tacony electric light company report a contract with the Pennsylvania Railroad Company for the lighting of the railroad from the Frankford creek to the Bucks county line.

—Next Sunday evening Rev. I. W. Goodhue will preach a sermon to young men. The subject is "Young Men in the World's Work." Every young man in Bristol is very cordially invited.

—Dr. Mary Walker, who was reported to be dying at her home in Oswego, N. Y., denies the assertion and says she is determined to live until she obtains justice at the hands of the Government. During the war she was a prisoner in Libby prison, and now has a pension claim.

—The lecture delivered by Rev. Charles L. Williams, of Upland, Pa., at the First Baptist church, on last Tuesday evening, was heartily appreciated by those present. The subject, "Climbing Up vs. Climbing Down" was well handled by the speaker, and those not present missed a rare treat indeed.

—It is said that Mitchell & Co., the famous Scotch Gingham makers, of Glasgow, Scotland, will move their manufacturing interests to this country next year. Their representatives have visited Philadelphia, Fall River and Fitchburg, Mass., seeking the most eligable location. This firm is the largest of the kind in the world.

—A vote was taken Friday evening, Nov. 28th, in the M. E. church, on the admission of Women, as Lay Delegates in the General Conference of said church. Out of a membership of 345, only 55 cast a vote. The result was, for the admission, 25; against the admission, 30. Thirty-six women and 19 men voted, of the men 8 were for, and 11 against.

—Forty-four marriage licenses were granted in Bucks county during the month of November, the largest number for any one month since the passage of the Act. During the five years that the law has been in operation there have been 1738 licenses granted in Bucks county, or an average of 28 per month since the 1st of October, 1885, when the first license was granted.

—On Monday night the coal office of Chas. Yeamans, between Otter street and the railroad, was entered by burglars and a desk and drawers broken open. Nothing valuable was found and the thieves left in disgust. The same night the Adams Express Company's office, at the railroad station, was entered by prying a window open. The office was pretty thoroughly overhauled but nothing was taken.

—During the latter part of last week the chicken houses of David Lyndall, Mrs. John Young and William White, were visited by poultry thieves and some thirty chickens stolen. Afterward officer Tice observed Jos. Horn peddling chickens. His suspicion was aroused and he took the man in custody. At the hearing before 'Squire Louderbough, Horn confessed his guilt. He was committed to jail to await the action of Court.

—Samuel I. Whitaker has purchased of Captain Charles H. Fenton, for $6,000, the property on the corner of Mill and Cedar streets. It is Mr. Whitaker's intention to replace the present frame building with a two story brick, fronting on Mill street the width of the lot and running back 80 feet. The first floor will have a glass front on both streets. The Mill street windows being refrigerators for the display of fresh meats and butter. The edifice will be a big improvement over the present building.

—An exchange gives the following pointer concerning the latest fraud racket. Ministers are especially warned to be on their guard. A new scheme is being worked by a man and woman who are traveling through the country getting married at different points. Their scheme is to give the minister a $20 bogus bill on each occasion and receive $10 or $15 in good money in exchange. At last advices they have been joined in the "holy bonds" forty-nine times and were then engaged and on the hunt for a preacher to tie the fiftieth nuptial knot for them.

—The discussion of candidates for Borough offices to be filled at the February election is now in order. What the people of Bristol want in Councilmen in particular is men of good judgment who will carefully attend to the interests of the Borough. There has been a good deal of money wasted last year, in one way and another, and consequently there is little to show for the $12,000 the tax-payers have put in the Borough treasury. There has probably been about $4,000 spent on the streets for instance, and not much can be shown in the way of improvement in that direction. The people certainly have a right to have their money judiciously spent.

—The annual meeting of the Bristol Building Association was held at the Secretary's office, on last Monday evening. The Secretary's report showed that during the year $8,200 had been loaned; $5,400 matured stock paid, and $3,670.87 paid for stock withdrawn. The expenses for the year amounted to $339.80. There are 193 shareholders who have 853 shares of stock. The value per share of the 6th series is $122 46; of the 7th, $103.38; of the 8th, $70.92; of the 9th, $49.37; of the 10th, $24.86, and of the 11th, $8.24. The rate of earning for the year was 8 per cent. There not being a quorum of shareholders present the old officers hold over for another year.

IT HAS COME TO STAY.

A regular meeting of the Lotus Literary and Debating Society, was held at the Baptist church parlor, on last Monday evening. Although the inclement weather kept a few of the members away their places were filled by several new members. The attendance was twenty-two. An essay entitled "Labor" by R. B. Kelly, was the first order on the programme, then followed the debate of the evening, subject, "Should Contract Labor in our Prisons be Forbidden?" Dr. J. R. Osmond and John Thorn took the affirmative side and Peter R. Diehl and Thomas Ardrey the negative side of the question. After which the subject was thrown open for general discussion, five minutes' time being limited to each speaker, and nearly all present discussed the subject pro or con. The judges decision was given to the affirmative. An interesting part of the evening exercises is the report of the "Critic." The following programme will be carried out at the meeting to be held on Monday evening, December 8th. Debate, "Resolved, That Capital Punishment Should be Abolished." Affirmative, W. S. Wright and John Angus; negative, Doran Green and Thomas Ardrey. *Essay, by A. R. Towle, and reading by S.* Runyon. A special invitation is extended to all the young men of Bristol to be present, even if you do not desire to join the Society. You will be made welcome at any or all of its meetings. The Society meets every Monday evening. C. E. B.

THE CONE ESTATE.—Judge Ferguson has dismissed with an opinion the claim of Nathan Cone, for about $5500, against the estate of the late Captain Jonathan Cone, the old commander of the John A. Warner, and the steamer Republic. It was claimed that during the war Nathan, who spent his money foolishly, permitted Jonathan to save a portion of his wages for him, which had afterward been invested in Upper Delaware Navigation stock. The claim was set aside as there was no evidence of a trusteeship; not any convincing evidence that Jonathan had not paid the money back to Nathan, and that the claim was barred by the statute of limitations. The claim of W. S. Clyde & Co., for $1275 for rent at the Arch Street Wharf was allowed to stand.

DON'T DO IT.

It is a common practice in many shops and factories, when an employee receives a severe cut or bruise to bind up the wound with a wad of tobacco or resort to the glue pot or can of shellac varnish, neither of which are proper remedies to use under such conditions. The nicotine in the tobacco is a poison and is dangerous to introduce into the blood, while glue is nothing more than dead animal matter and is generally in a state of decomposition, and every one possessed of any knowledge must realize the danger from blood poisoning by introducing into the human system any kind of dead animal matter.

—A death shrouded in some mystery was discovered on Monday when a lock tender of the Delaware and Raritan canal, at Trenton, N. J., found the body of a woman floating in the canal. The woman was apparently about 45 years of age, and was neatly clad in black silk, with a black astrakan sack. The body was sent to the morgue. During the day a number of persons visited the morgue and the body was finally identified by James Tallon, a Hamilton avenue grocer, as the body of his sister, Mrs. Johanna Mullen, who lived at 192 South Broad street, that city. The friends of the woman think she met with an accident or foul play.

"I" FOURTH COMPANY, 17th REGIMENT PENNSYLVANIA MILITIA, OF 1862.

Called into service under authority of the President. Under proclamation of Governor Curtin, 4th and 10th September, 1862. September 8th to 14th, enrolled at Bristol, Pennsylvania. September 17th, in camp on Capitol Hill Harrisburg, receiving uniforms, arms and ammunition. September 18th, sent into Maryland. The Regiment was not Brigaded, but was assigned to the Militia Division of Major General John F. Reynolds; transferred from the Pennsylvania Reserves, Third Corps, to the command of all Militia in the field. The Militia Division numbered over thirty thousand men, from New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland.

The Field and Staff Officers of the 17th were: Colonel, James Gilkyson; Lieut. Colonel, Charles S. Leader; Major, Edward S. Sheesler; Adjutant, Franklin March; Quartermaster, John A. L. Tice; Surgeon, Isaac Houghs; Quartermaster Sergeant, Charles S. Atkinson. The Captains of the 17th, from right to left, were: Company A, of Schuylkill, Lewis H. Huntzinger; Company F, of Schuylkill, William M. Bickel, vice Leader; Company D, of Schuylkill, Jacob S. Lawrence; Company I, of Bucks, Burnet Landreth; Company C, of Bucks, Watson P. Magill; Company H, of Schuylkill, Michael Moll, vice Tice; Company E, of Schuylkill, Robert Allison; Company K, of Bucks, Hugh Kintner; Company G, Montgomery, Harrison M. Lutz; Company B, of Montgomery, Benjamin M. Boyer.

The 17th Militia did ten days' field service, going down as far as Hagerstown, Maryland, in which locality the Division was massed for purposes of effect. Company "I" returned to Bristol 26th September. The expenses of fitting out Company I, of the 17th, amounted to over one thousand dollars, two hundred being subscribed by the Borough Council, two hundred by the Directors of the Farmers' Bank, five hundred by thirty-nine citizens and an additional sum by one of the officers. The men of Reynolds' Militia Division were furnished with blue blouses, forage caps, Springfield rifles and sixty rounds of cartridges. No tents. The Division was but little drilled, but was nevertheless efficient as a demonstration of reserved force. Gen. George B. McClellan thanked Governor Curtin in the name of the Army of the Potomac for the moral support rendered him by the prompt concentration of the Pennsylvania Militia. Governor Bradford, of Maryland, expressed the thanks of the people of that State. The officers of Company "I" remained in commission twenty months, from 17th September, 1862, to 6th June, 1864, when the commissions expired by limitation. The Pennsylvania Militia of September, 1862, were not mustered in the service of either the State or nation, but served under the simple enrollments of the Captains. The Regiment was paid off in June, 1864, by the United States authorities, Paymaster Thomas S. Allison visiting Bristol, June 2, 1864, and paying Company "I" in Washington Hall, the payments being made from rolls previously prepared in quadruple, and forwarded to Major David Taggart, who was detailed by Col. B. W. Brice, Chief Paymaster, Baltimore, Maryland; the payments being made for 14 days' service.

ROSTER.

Captain, Burnet Landreth. Lieutenants, 1st, William Burkey Baker; 2d. James W. Martin. Sergeants, 1st. Elnathan C. Brown; 2d. Charles E. Scott; 3d. J. Wesley Wright; 4th Charles M. Foster; 5th. William Kinsey (Hon.), Q. M. Corporals, 1st, Gideon H. Hughes; 2d. William Tabrum; 3d. Joseph B. Bailey; 4th. Alfred Newton; 5th. Alfred Landreth; 6th. Benjamin F. Gilkeson; 7th. John Ross; 8th. David H. Stackhouse. Privates, Edward A. Arnold, Anthony D. Biles, Daniel C. Booze. William H. Booze, James Booze, Robert Bell, Jonathan Bailey, Albert L. Cooper, George Morris Dorrance, Marcelina Gear, David Green, Isaac Gray, William H. Guy, Richard Hudson, Charles Hamilton, Samuel Holt, Robert W. Holt, John Johnson, Joseph Kinsey, Jesse Wilson Knight (Hon.), John Landreth, John T. Lanning (Rev.), John Leslie, Joseph A. Martin, Thomas Saxon, George M. Shisler, Charles M. Sisom, Caleb N. Taylor (Hon.), Edward L. Taylor, Benjamin Tomlinson, Gilbert Tomlinson, Thomas P. Tomlinson, Joseph H. Vansant, George Vansant, James A. Vansant, Thomas Vansant, John Ward (M. D.)

This record was prepared and was printed September 8th, 1890, twenty-eight years after date of service, by Burnet Landreth, for private presentation to the surviving members of Company "I." The object of printing this paper is to accurately record names and dates which may now, through the passage of time, have passed from the memory of many, and before long be entirely lost to all. The official records of the 17th Regiment are to be found in "Bates' History of Pennsylvania Volunteers," Vol V, pages 1186 to 1188. In June, 1863, succeeding the organization of Company "I," of the 17th, two commissioned officers, five sergeants and corporals, and seven privates, enlisted in Company G, 43d Ninety Day Regiment, 3d Brigade, 2d Division, Army of the Susquehanna. Of the above number, 21 have died.

*There's nothing very pleasant about hawking and spitting, these actions mean catarrh and call for the use of Old Saul's Catarrh Cure, a valuable remedy. Price 25 cents. Sold everywhere.

The real need of a sick baby is not so much medicine as it is something to "assist nature." Many things are recommended, but the best known remedy for the ailments of young children is Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. Price only 25 cents a bottle.

ANOTHER MILLION DOLLAR FAILURE.—The Rittenhouse Mills, of Passaic, N. J., one of the largest woolen manufacturing concerns in America made an assignment yesterday. The liabilities will reach about $1,000,000. The principal owners are Edward Ammidown, and Harry Smith of New York.

—The State Farmers' Alliance adjourned Thursday after electing the following officers: President, Henry C. Snavely, of Lebanon county; Vice President, Curtis S. Clark, of Crawford county; Lecturer, J. S. Potts, of Indiana county; Secretary, Harry C. Demming, of Dauphin county; Treasurer, Valentine Hay, of Somerset county.

DIED OF A BLUE-GUMMED NEGRO'S BITE.—Henry Farguson, colored, died Nov. 24, at La Grange, Ga., from the effects of a bite on the hand three months ago by Joe Strozier. Blood poisoning ensued, and he could get no relief. The negroes claim that Strozier is a blue-gummed negro, and they regard a bite from one of that kind as poisonous as that of a rattlesnake. Very few negroes would have anything to do with his burial on account of their superstitious fears in regard to a death of this character.

—Messrs. B. K. Jamison & Co., the well-known bankers and brokers at the north-east corner of Fifth and Chestnut streets, suspended on Friday. A deed of assignment, in which Samuel Gustine Thompson was named as the assignee, was filed with the Recorder of Deeds. All the property held by the firm was turned over for the benefit of their creditors, none of whom were preferred by confession of judgment. The liabilities are estimated to exceed $1,000,000 and may go considerably above this amount, but neither the assignee nor members of the firm could tell on Thursday the obligations. It is believed, however, that if the creditors pursue a liberal policy the firm will be able to pay its debts in full.

—No doubt the extensive comment on the experiment of Professor Koch has excited hopes among many afflicted persons which cannot be realized. From the first the discoverer of the new remedy has been careful to say that it may not prove efficient in long established cases of tuberculosis. A most encouraging incident connected with Koch's experiments is the respectful reception attention they have elicited from the medical fraternity everywhere. Dr. George F. Shrady, editor of the Medical Journal, says: "The imagination cannot fail to be impressed by the possibilities in therapeutics apparently opened up by Koch. If his discovery turns out to be all that he hopes, the impulse to further research will be immense. The death blow will be given forever to therapeutic nihilism. Medicine can hold up its head as a science, and defy with confidence all the jeers that may be thrown at its inefficiency. Every physician will feel prouder of his calling, more certain of its utility and more earnest in its pursuit. We hope that all which Professor Koch promises will be fulfilled; it would be a profound catastrophe to medical science if his 'parataloid' should now fail."

*Dr. James Corrie, Dentist in Baltimore, writes: "I have used Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup personally and in my family for two or three years, and I am prepared to say that there is nothing to compare to it as a remedy for cough, cold etc." 25 cents.

Pains in the back are frequently caused by a sudden wrenching of the spine. A few applications of Salvation Oil will give permanent relief.

Cut Flowers

for Corsage bouquets, Floral designs in choice flowers for funerals. Harry Chambers, Florist, 23 Market street.

PEACE NOT YET DECLARED.—As long as the fight lasts among the wall paper manufacturers the Fidelty Wall Paper Co., of No 12 North Eleventh street, Philadelphia, will give the public the advantage of the drop in prices. We get this from them direct. Send four two cent stamps for samples of their 9, 12 and 15c gilts.

*PAIN AND DREAD attend the use of most catarrh remedies. Liquids and snuffs are unpleasant as well as dangerous. Ely's Cream Balm is safe, pleasant, easily applied into the nostrils, and a sure cure. It cleanses the nasal passages and heals the inflamed membrane, giving relief at once. Price 50c.

*THE MOST obstinate cases of catarrh are cured by the use of Ely's Cream Balm, the only agreeable remedy. It is not a liquid or snuff, is easily applied into the nostrils. For cold in the head it is magical. It gives relief at once. Price 50 cents.

CONGRESSMAN JERRY SIMPSON'S AMERICAN SOCKS.—Jerry Simpson, who has been elected to Congress from the Sixth Kansas district on the Alliance ticket made a remarkable canvass. In every speech that he made he took off his shoes and exhibited his bare feet in order to demonstrate to his audience that he was too poor to wear socks. Recently he received from the Fort Scott Woolen Mills a handsome pair of socks, accompanied by the following letter:

"Now the election is over, cold winter is coming on, and it is not meet that one of the tribunes should appear on the steps of the Capitol without socks, therefore, Jerry, I herewith enclose you a pair of socks, not the patrician stocking of costly silk, but socks made from good, honest wool, wool grown by Kansas farmers on the backs of Kansas sheep and manufactured at the only succesful woollen mill in the State. Take them, Jerry, and wear them. They are good, honest socks, and will do you good service. They are not so fine as some of your compeers will wear in Washington, but they are well befitting a good, straight, honest Kansas American as I know you to be. And when any one undertakes to claim that Americans cannot compete with the vile stuff made by pauper labor of Europe from old horse blankets, cast-off undershirts, and refuse of small-pox hospitals, which the very disinterested importers call foreign goods, show them your socks, and tell them how they were made from honest Kansas wool."—St. Louis Republic.

Hold it to the Light.

The man who tells you confidentially just what will cure your cold is prescribing Kemp's Balsam this year. In the preparation of this remarkable medicine for coughs and colds no expense is spared to combine only the best and purest ingredients. Hold a bottle of Kemp's Balsam to the light and look through it; notice the bright, clear look; then compare with other remedies. Price 50c, and $1.

WHAT THE FARMERS' ALLIANCE DEMANDS.

Secretary Rittenhouse, who is at present in charge of the Alliance headquarters in this city, said to-day: "The great issue before the people is that of currency reform. It was the desire to relieve the money stringency that actuated the farmers in their votes in the recent election. They do not want free trade, but they do want more money. They held the Republican party responsible for the stringency in the money market, and they swept it out of power, so far as they were able.

"This issue had much more to do with the result than the McKinley bill. I know this because hundreds of letters received daily from the alliances give me facts direct from the people. We want $400,000,000 added to the amount now in circulation. That is just $8 more per capita. In a letter which I received from Secretary Windom, he states that the amount of money per capita in this country is $22, while it is $57 in France. In England it is $22 and in Germany $20. France is the most prosperous nation in Europe, and the United States will once again experience the good old times when we get more money in circulation. This currency reform is the great issue of the hour. If the Republicans meet it at the next session they will do much to restore confidence in them. If they fail to do so, and the Democrats pass the necessary bills in the next House, they will do much to secure their future success. We have elected forty-three members to the next House, and a still larger number of others are pledged to us. We shall hold the balance of power. We want to have passed an absolutely free coinage silver bill, the Sub-Treasury bill, and other necessary measures of relief for the farmer. If either one of the old parties gives us all we ask, there will perhaps be no need of us running a candidate of our own in 1892, but we do not now mean to fight within Democratic and Republican party lines, as we have done this year. The Farmers' Alliance is not a side show for either party."—Philadelphia Press.

He Yelled Kemp's Balsam.

I yell "Take Kemp's Balsam, the best cough cure." I always do when I hear a man cough, and I can't help it. It saved me and it will cure you. I was threatened with pneumonia last winter and it broke it up. It helps the children out when their throats are sore, cures their coughs, and tastes so good. The first dose helps you. So writes A. R. Arnold, engineer on the West Shore Ry., at Canajoharie, N. Y. 25 Bond Street, New York.

To Visit California and the Far West via Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

Possibly no new feature ever inaugurated by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has attracted such universal comment and attention as the series of tours it has announced, to be run early in 1891 to the far Pacific Coast. Each tour will be limited to one hundred passengers, who will travel in a Pullman vestibule train, furnished with the luxurious appointments of the richest home, with ladies' maid, stenographer and typewriter, library, bath and barber, and smoking and library rooms, and an observation car—in truth an exact reproduction of the famous Pennsylvania Limited. The first tour leaves New York February 7th, and speeds directly to the scene of the famous Mardi Gras at New Orleans, and then out to Southern California, and directly north to San Francisco, where the unrestricted liberty of three whole weeks is allowed, after which they join the special train for their homeward-bound trip via Salt Lake City, Colorado Springs, Denver, Omaha, and Chicago.

In the selection of its Tourist Agents and Chaperons this company has chosen them with a special view to their fitness, and whatever tends to the tourist's comfort or interest is assured by their presence. No such opportunity has ever before been presented to the people of the East of thoroughly seeing the vast domain of the country they so valiantly boast of, and at such a beautiful season of the year. The rate for the round trip of this first tour is but $275,00, which includes not only all necessary traveling expenses to San Francisco and return, but side trips to the most attractive resorts in California, meals en route, and several carriage and stage rides of interest.

Names are now being registered for each of the tours, and applications for Pullman accommodations and itineraries should be made to Mr. Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, 233 South Fourth St., Philadelphia.

—The buildings and machinery lately owned by the defunct firm of Downs & Finch at Bordentown, N. J., were sold on Monday to the Springfield Worsted Mills Company, of Chester, Pa., for $26,000. The new concern, of which Hourland Croft is president and William Anderson treasurer, will put the buildings in shape and will employ between 300 to 500 hands.

—With a population of almost 26,000 there's less than thirty colored people in Allentown. It is claimed that no city of like size in the United States has so small a representation of the colored race. The Chinese number only four.

Facts Worth Knowing.

In all diseases of the nasal mucous membrane the remedy used must be non-irritating. The medical profession has been slow to learn this. Nothing satisfactory can be accomplished with douches, snuffs, powders or syringes because they are all irritating, do not thoroughly reach the affected surfaces and should be abandoned as worse than failures. A multitude of persons who had for years borne all the worry and pain that catarrh can inflict testify to radical cures wrought by Ely's Cream Balm.

Ask Your Friends About It.

Your distressing cough can be cured. We know it because Kemp's Balsam within the past few years has cured so many coughs and colds in this community. Its remarkable sale has been won by its genuine merit. Ask some friend who has used it what he thinks of Kemp's Balsam. There is no medicine so pure, none so effective. Large bottles 50c and $1 at all druggists.

MONTANA, OREGON AND WASHINGTON.

The Northern Pacific Railroad passing through Minnesota, Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington was the first line to bring the region occupied by these states into communication with the east. Its main line and branches penetrate all sections of these states, reaching nine-tenths of the chief cities. It is the short line to Helene and Butte, Mont., Spokane Falls, Tacoma and Seattle, Wash., and Portland, Ore., and the only line running through train service from the east through the states of Montana and Washington. Pullman Sleepers and furnished Tourist Sleeping Cars are run via the Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific, and Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars via Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul and Northern Pacific, from Chicago through to the Pacific Coast without change. This is the Dining Car and Yellowstone Park route.

The large travel on the Northern Pacific line necessitated the inauguration in June 1890, of a second through train to the Pacific Coast, thus enabling this road to offer the public the advantage of two through trains daily to Montana and points in the Pacific Northwest, carrying complete service of sleeping cars, dining cars and regular day coaches. The train leaving St. Paul in the morning runs via the recently completed Air Line of the Northern Pacific through Butte, Mont., making this the shortest line to the latter point by 120 miles.

Colonists for Washington, Oregon and British Columbia points should take no other line than the Northern Pacific, as by this line only, can all portions of the state of Washington be seen. Stop-overs are allowed on second class tickets at Spokane Falls and all points west, enabling settlers to inspect the country without extra expense.

For Maps, Time Tables and Illustrated Pamphlets, or any special information desired, address your nearest ticket agent, or Chas. S. Fee, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

A Complete Establishment.

Johnson Brothers, the popular clothiers at the corner of Mill and Wood streets, are now ready for the Fall and Winter trade. They can dress a man from head to toe in the best style and for a small amount of cash. Their Clothing, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Hosiery, Shoes and Neckwear, are all of the latest styles and best makes. They have suits from $5 to $20, honest goods and well made. Hats, from 40 cts. to $3.00. Underwear from $1 00 to $3.00 per suit; and shoes, well made, neat, strong and substantial, at various prices. For reliable goods, bought from standard houses, go to Johnson Brothers. They keep no auction trash upon their premises.

To Nervous Debilitated Men.

If you will send us your address, we will mail you our illustrated pamphlet explaining all about Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and Appliances, and their charming effects upon the nervous debilitated system, and how they restore you to vigor and manhood. Pamphlet free. If you are thus afflicted, we will send you a Belt and Appliances on a trial.

VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall. Mich.

New Advertisements.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of ELIZA BOOZ, late of Bristol borough, Bucks County, deceased.

LETTERS testamentary on above Estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same, without delay, to

W. B. BAKER, Executor.

TOYS.

There is nothing in the toy line but what can be found at our store.

DOLLS,

Every size and price, all perfectly formed, direct from the importers, dressed and undressed; thousands of them; an unusually large assortment.

All Holiday Goods purchased now, will be stored free of charge until Christmas when so desired by customers. No trouble to show goods.

GRACE'S,

No. 18 Mill Street,

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DRUNKENNESS—LIQUOR HABIT—IN ALL THE WORLD THERE IS BUT ONE CURE DR. HAINES' GOLDEN SPECIFIC.

It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it effecting a speedy and permanent cure whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been cured who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful results from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address in confidence, Golden Specific Co., 185 Race Street, Cincinnati, O.

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Ready | MIXED | Paints

IN EVERY COLOR,

—AND—

Packages from 1 lb. Upwards

A VERY GOOD MIXED PAINT

—OF WHICH—

We have Sold Hundreds of Gallons, without Complaint, as Low as

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DR. PURSELL'S DRUG STORE.

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—DEALER IN—

FURNITURE, CARPETS, AND WINDOW SHADES.

Goods sold on Easy Payments.

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Plumber, Steam & Gas Pipe Fitter,

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Gas Machines,

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HYDRAULIC RAMS, &c., &c.

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FOR RENT.

Four brick houses on Jefferson avenue; corner of Wood street, all modern conveniences.

A. WEIR GILKESON.

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Consulting Mechanical Engineer.

POND ST. MACHINE SHOP.

☞Designing for inventors a specialty.

Administrators' Sale of Real Estate in Falls Twp.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER OF THE Orphans' Court of Bucks County, the following described real estate, late the property of Peter White, late of the Township of Falls, in the County of Bucks and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, will be sold on the premises on Wednesday, December 17th, 1890, at 1.30 P. M., all that certain messuage and tract of land, situated in the Township of Falls, Bucks county, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a corner in the middle of the public road, in a line of the late John Cheston, deceased, and Thomas Brudon, at a corner of Geo W. Brown's land, thence by land now or late of George W. Brown, in the middle of said public road, north 41¾ degrees east, twenty-nine perches and two-tenths of a perch to a corner of land belonging to Abner Brooks, thence by the same north eighty-six and a half degrees east, fifty-five and two-hundredths of a perch to a corner in the line of land, now or late of Chas. A. Parsons, thence by the same South four degrees East, thirty perches and sixty-two hundredths of a perch to a corner in the line of the land, late of John Cheston, deceased and Thos. Brudon, thence by the same Eighty-eight and three-quarters degrees West, sixty perches and six-tenths of a perch to the place of beginning. The improvements consist of a 2½ frame dwelling house, containing three rooms on the first floor, three on second floor, with attic and cellar. A good well of water, with pump near the kitchen door, or the premises. Also frame barn, corn crib, wood shed and hog pen, on the premises. Conditions made known the day of sale, by

EDMUND WRIGHT,
Administrator of Peter White, dec'd.
Or JOSEPH BROWN, Auct.

"Time is Money"

We have a Fine New Stock of

Winter Underwear,

Ready-made Clothing

—and—

Gent's Furnishing Goods,

Which we offer at the Lowest City Prices.

☞We are also giving away Albums. Drop in and see how we work the scheme.

CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER A SPECIALTY.

YOST & STEPHEN, 34 Mill St.

Legal Advertisements

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of ELLWOOD DORAN, late of Bristol Borough, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

ELLWOOD BURTON, Administrator, Tullytown, Pa.

or, B. F. & A. W. GILKESON & WM. S. WRIGHT his Attorneys, Bristol, Pa.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of PETER WHITE, deceased, late of Falls Twp., Bucks County.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

EDMUND WRIGHT, Administrator. Morrisville P. O.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of W. TAYLOR POTTS, M. D., late of Bristol Borough, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate will make payment, and those having legal claims or demands against the same, will present them for settlement without delay, to

SARAH A. POTTS.

Or to her Attorney, J. C. STUCKERT.

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Fine Tailoring At Reasonable prices.

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We have bought from the Best Manufacturers a large lot of Tapestry Brussels at prices much below the cost to make them, and will give you the benefit of a good carpet at an exceedingly low price as long as they last. The patterns are all new and very pretty, and the quality is the best that can be had. Do not fail to see them. The prices are 46c., 50c., 60c., 70c. ☞Our extra heavy quality ingrains at 40c. and 50c., are very handsome.

HOWARD THOMAS & CO.

1206 Market St., Philada.

MODEL COFFEE HOUSE,

27 and 29 SOUTH FOURTH STREET,

HAVING BEEN THOROUGHLY REPAIRED SINCE THE FIRE, HAS BEEN RE-OPENED. Every part of the building has been completely renovated. A cool and pure atmosphere has been secured by a thorough system of Ventilation. Improved Cooking Apparatus has been introduced—the Bill of Fare has been enlarged, and many other improvements adapted to suit the convenience and comfort of its patrons.

ANTIQUES In FURNITURE, PORCELAIN, SILVER, &c.

—BRIC-A-BRAC.—

ROBERT NOBLE,

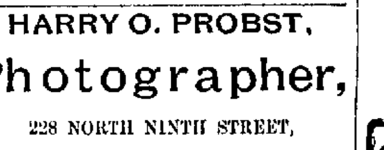
33 S. 15th St. | India Shawls Repaired & Altered. | Philadelphia.

FERGUSON & WESTON,

—OPTICIANS,—

39 S. Fifteenth St., Philadelphia.

***Opera Glasses, Field Glasses, Barometers, Thermometers, Spectacles, Eye Glasses. EYES EXAMINED FREE.



SHOES WILL FIT YOUR FEET AND GIVE YOU COMFORT.

K. PANCOAST, 41 N. Ninth St., Phila.

HARRY O. PROBST,

Photographer,

228 NORTH NINTH STREET,

Philadelphia - - Pa.

J. D. BARDO,

Manufacturer of HUMAN HAIR GOODS,

Ladies' and Gent's WIGS and TOUPEES made to order and for hire.

No. 2141 North Front Street,

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Ladies' Hair Dressed and Cleansed, Children's Hair Cut. Braids, Curls, etc. made to order All orders by mail promptly attended to. Sample of hair should accompany each order to duplicate.

HARRY HART,

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MONEY TO LOAN

On goods of all descriptions. Large amounts at low rates of interest. Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Guns, Revolvers, Musical Instruments, etc. sold at one-third their value. Two minutes' walk from 9th and Green Street depot.

WHITE MOUNTAIN DRY COLD AIR REFRIGERATOR,

Is the Finest Made.

OIL and GASOLINE STOVES

Wholesale and Retail.

M. C. ANDERSON, 52 N. 2d St. PHILA.

Spanish Cream.

A CURE GUARANTEED FOR BLEEDING, Blind and Itching Piles. Sample 10 cents. Ask your Druggist for it.

Office, 128 S. 8th St.,

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Sold by LEWIS BROS., corner of Market and Mulberry Streets.

F. DIMAIO,

Manufacturer of

Fine CUBAN HAND MADE CIGARS

Wholesale and Ratail.

Havana and Domestic Cigars always on Hand.

NO. 131 WALNUT STREET.

Rubber Shoes unless worn uncomfortably tight, generally slip off the feet.

THE "COLCHESTER" RUBBER CO.

make all their shoes with inside of heel lined with rubber. This clings to the shoe and prevents the rubber from slipping off.

Call for the "Colchester"

"ADHESIVE COUNTERS."

GRAFF, SON & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS.

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THE MUTUAL

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Authorised Capital, $1,000,000.

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Geneva Magnetic Water.

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Manufacturer of

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The Oldest and Most Extensive Seed Growers in the United States.

FOUNDED 1784.

Implements and Seeds in great variety. Send for handsomely illustrated Catalogue and Price-List.

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Teacher of Banjos, STUDIO, 1413 Chest. St. Philada.

ALSO,

Banjos for Sale.

BOOTS & SHOES.

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Practical Custom Boot and Shoe Maker.

HARNESS AND SADDLES.

HARNESS—CUSTOM MADE AT wholesale prices; best for the price ever offered. A clear saving of 35 per cent. Buggy as low as $9; track, $12, express, $14; double, $24; imported saddles and bridles, fine coupe harness, team harness, $22 and upwards. Prices rule low on everything in our line.

SCHAEFER & CO.,

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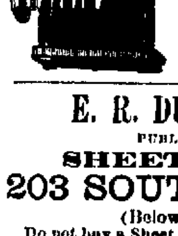

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Awnings & Tents.

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SHEET MUSIC,

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Do not buy a Sheet of Music or a Music Book or Folio, no matter at what price, until you have seen our stock and get our price, as we prefer to cut the price so that you get the benefit every time. Catalogue Free.

M. A. Morrison,

1002 PINE STREET, PHILA.

Cabinet-Maker and Upholsterer.

Manufacturer of Morrison's Furniture Polish and Moth Destroyer.

ESTABLISHED NEARLY FIFTY YEARS.

To Save Money on Good Hand-made Shoes, go to

THE WORKING MEN'S SHOE STORE,

333 S. 2d Street, above Pine, Phila.

$2.00 Boys' Shoes from $1.25 upwards; Men's Sewed Shoes, our own make, $2.50. Give us a call and be convinced,

B. SCHWARTZ,

Repairing neatly done.

Visit

Doolittle's

DINING ROOM,

31 S. Second Street,

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TUTTI FRUTTI Eat Tutti Frutti Ice Cream. Drink Tutti Frutti Soda Water — the latest thing out. It is all the go.

Arkwrights' Flavoring Extract Co.,

Originators and Sole Mfr's.,

403 Market St., PHILADELPHIA.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

GYPSY SONG

There, where the path so plain goes by,
Where deep in the thicket my hut doth lie,
Where corn stands green in the garden plot,
The brook ripples by so freshly there,
The way is so open, so wide, so fair—
My heart's best beloved, he treads it not.

There, where I pin at my door without,
And morning winds, whisp'ring round about,
With scent of roses enfold the spot;
Where I sit at even, and sing my lay
Quite low, to the wand'rer who goes his way
My heart's best beloved, he hears it not.

There, by my well . . . ere day by day,
When sunbeams first brighten the morning's gray,
I lean and dream of my weary lot,
And wait his coming, and softly cry
For love's great longing, that makes us die—
My heart's best beloved, he dieth not!
—New Review.

FROM THE SOUDAN.

The world's not greatly changed since those old days
When the white thumbs of Roman dames turned down
Their tender joints. To gain the public praise
And take the applauding fancy of the town,
Life must be cut even to the quick, the heart
Must show red veins where it was cleft apart.

'Tis not, I think, all fierce and cruel greed,
This keen desire to drain the juicy core
Of the strange fruit upon life's tree. A need,
Insatiate and imperious, overmore
Stings us to cognizance of good and ill—
Show us the truth! Yes, though it save or kill.

To dress a play, make real the mimic war
Of the fought desert fields of the Soudan,
To the new world across the seas afar
Were true gift that the coats outlasting many a man,
The tinsel braid, more tough than the heart strings
That beat for honor—ah, those soulless things!

There, in the theatre wardrobe room, a heap
Of worn and fight stained uniforms, each one
Had some grim secret of its own to keep,
Of pain or sudden death or brave deeds done—
A solemn mantle, that some night would droop
From careless shoulders of a hireling "supe."

What's that? A little photograph has slipped
Out of this pocket—just a pretty face,
With tossing hair, soft eyed and curry lipped,
A likeness full of simple, girlish grace.
Three words, red blotted where the bullet tore,
Sign her "Your loving Nellie." Nothing more.

Was she his sister, sweetheart or young bride?
Will she remember always or forget?
Is she on earth or at her dear one's side
Where in the heavenly fields their souls are met?
Poor little sister of all those who weep
Not hopeless of the waking after sleep!

Play up the martial music for the rise
Of the green curtain, let the play begin;
The pageantry of fight before our eyes
Crosses the scene with drums and trumpets' din.
Ah, this is war's presentment, this is fame!
Why will that violin sob Nellie's name?
—E. Cavazza in Boston Globe.

AN APE HUNTER'S STORY

We sailed out from the port of Borneo, in the island of that name, in a schooner of ninety tons burden, to visit the islands to the north in search of monkeys and parrots for the great animal dealer at Hamburg. The craft and crew were under charter for four months. The captain was a Singapore half breed, and his three sailors and a cook were Borneo born. I had my man Thomas with me, and the only cargo we carried consisted of cages and articles for traffic.

We had been knocking about for several weeks, landing on various islands in the Borneo sea to make captives, and were at anchor beside a small island called Kui, when a trader from the Mindanao peninsula came along and gave us some interesting news. His craft carried only three men, but had run short of water and been obliged to put in at an island thirty miles to the east for water. The island was about three miles square and thickly wooded, and entirely without settlement.

While at anchor in a sheltered bay, and just as they had hoisted in their cask of water, they were set upon by several hundred apes of large size and terribly frightened. The craft was only twice her length from shore, and the apes bombarded her with clubs and stones. A score of these missiles had been preserved as proofs. The trader gave us warning to look out for ourselves if we went that way, and we made him a present of tobacco and at once set sail. The apes he described were just the species I was looking for, being what are called in the east "gorillas' children." They are found only in Sumatra and Borneo, and on a few of the islands in the Borneo sea. It is an established fact that every seven years these apes are subject to an epidemic which sweeps them off in large numbers, and for this reason they have been scarce for many years past. In the year 1864 a trader who landed on the island of Kriem, about 300 miles from Manilla, discovered over 500 dead apes along the beach.

We reached the bay the trader had told us of about 9 o'clock next morning. The shore pitched off into deep water, and we anchored with just room enough for her to swing to the tides. This brought the stem of the craft within forty feet of the trees when the tide came in, but of course we had to use the yawl to go ashore. We neither saw nor heard anything except the gaudy colored parrots flying about, and after we had been at anchor about an hour I took my man and went ashore. The island was a perfect tangle. The trees grew almost as thick as they could stand, and the ground was covered with creepers and rank vegetation. We were a quarter of a mile from the beach before the ground cleared, and then we failed to get sight of an ape. As it was a very hot forenoon, the chances were that they were asleep in the thick of the forest. We had brought along with us some pieces of cloth of various colors, and these we now hung on limbs and bushes and scattered along on the ground to "bait" the apes to the landing.

We had made our way as quietly as possible, as I fully believed in what the trader had told me. When we had reached the landing I got my monkey traps from the schooner. These are steel traps with padded jaws. We set six of them opposite the craft, and the only bait we used was a red rag tied to the catch. Going on board we had dinner, and then I brought out a heavy rifle and fired three shots into the woods. That was to wake up the apes, and it wasn't ten minutes before we heard from them. Shrieks and cries and calls resounded through the forest, and then the apes fairly swarmed down to the shore. The colored cloths angered and excited them to the highest pitch, and their coming was like that of an enraged mob of human beings. The advance guard had scarcely appeared before they rushed upon the traps in great fury and to their own great sorrow. Every trap received a victim, and every victim screamed and shrieked and jumped about in the most exciting manner.

The number of apes dumfounded me. I honestly believe there were 5,000 of them, great and small, and the noise they made was deafening. Their first move was to help the victims in the traps. They attempted to pull them out by main force, and when this failed they got stones and clubs and tried to break the traps. They had neither the strength nor ingenuity, and when they realized this they turned to secure revenge on us. We had been expecting the move, and were ready for it, or thought we were. We had four guns on the rail, had covered the cabin skylight with boards, and the decks were clear for action. The tide was yet running in, and, although we could almost look into the flashing eyes of the apes, we knew they dreaded water and would hesitate to swim out to us.

I don't know whose fault it was that the yawl's painter, which was made fast to the starboard rail amidships, was not securely fastened. No one had given it any thought until we suddenly saw the yawl drive to the mango bushes stern first. There was no surf in that little bay, and the tide would have held her there if the apes had taken no action. The boat was no sooner within leaping distance than fifty of the animals sprang into it, and as it reached the bushes it was held there. The screams and yells of the apes for the next five minutes prevented speech. Then at a given signal all but one leaped out of the boat. At a second signal all those in sight on shore disappeared, leaving only the victims of the traps. These had ceased their complaints and become quiet, and now a great stillness fell upon the island. I asked the captain what new move he thought the beasts intended to make, and he replied:

"I think we shall have great trouble with them. If there was breeze enough to stem this tide I should be in favor of getting out as soon as possible. They will board us in the yawl as soon as the tide turns."

I pointed to the fact that there was only one ape in the boat, and that I could put a bullet through his head, where he sat. If one of the men would slip over the rail he could swim to the boat and secure it. This was looked upon as a good idea. One of the Borneo men got quietly into the water and swam for the boat, and when he was close upon it I fired and killed the ape in charge. His dying yell was answered from a thousand throats, and in ten seconds the boat was filled with apes. The sailor had to return empty handed. It was no use to fire upon the beasts, as their numbers were so great, and we therefore renewed our preparations for defense. The crew proper told us in so many words that they would not lift a hand, except to defend themselves, as they considered it a crime to kill an ape. If the schooner was boarded, then they would be justified in fighting.

After a few minutes all the apes but one again left the boat. The body of the one I had killed was carried ashore. The tide would not turn until 5 o'clock, and we had nothing to do but wait and watch. I made a shell out of a tin can filled with powder and bullets, and the fuse to this was to be lighted by Thomas when he could heave it into the boat. We had three loaded guns and a revolver apiece, and I believed the two of us alone could prevent boarding. The schooner swung bows to the shore as soon as the tide turned and was now further away by her own length. We did not hear a sound from the beasts after they retired. There were scores of them watching us from the bushes no doubt, but they did not show themselves. When the tide began to draw the yawl off shore the ape left in charge took a turn with his tail around a bush and thus held it.

At sundown there was a little breeze, and we could have left, but I wanted the apes in the traps and the captain wanted his yawl. As it grew dark all the crew went below, saying it was none of their fight, and one of the Borneo sailors declared with great vigor and much grief that he had recognized an uncle in the ape I had killed. Another had seen his brother, and the cook fairly cried at the thought that his favorite son, who had been dead about five years, might have turned into an ape and be waiting to destroy his affectionate father. Thomas and I remained on deck to watch, and at 8 o'clock we heard and saw enough to prove that the apes were moving in concert and in a large body. I tried to get the crew up, but they refused to come. I had a double barreled shotgun, and Thomas was to throw the shell if they came near enough. The shore was in such darkness that we couldn't see what our enemies were up to until one boat was suddenly seen floating along our port bow. I fired into the black mass, and Thomas lighted the fuse and heaved the shell, but in his excitement he missed the boat.

From the splashing in the water I knew that large numbers of the apes swam off. I had scarcely fired when three or four appeared on the bows, and the next moment they boarded from every quarter. Their screaming and chattering were terrific, and we no sooner saw the first half dozen aboard than we made a rush for the cabin. From that moment we were besieged, and by an enemy such as never captured a sailing craft before.

The crew were willing enough to fight now, realizing the danger. We were all together in the little cabin, and all armed, but the question was what to do. The apes raced up and down the decks, pulled at every rope, and the number of them must have been a full thousand. Their racing about made the little schooner tremble clear to her keel, and now and then their weight lurched her from side to side. The scuttle to the fo'castle was secured, the hatches all fast, and the boards over the cabin skylight had been nailed. We heard them pulling and hauling, however, and every moment was an anxious one. They wrenched the water butt loose and rolled it around the deck, and six cages of parrots were broken up in no time and the birds killed.

It was a full hour before the apes quieted down, and from thence to daylight we caught a few winks of sleep as we watched and waited. When day broke and we could see through the cabin side lights the scene on deck was one of desolation. Every running rope had been pulled down, great holes had been gnawed in the sails, and whatever they could break up was broken. They were still at it. Some of them were even gnawing at the deck planks. It was clear that if left uninterrupted they would ruin the schooner above board, and so we raised a great shout to draw their attention. It succeeded to a charm. It wasn't five minutes before they had wrenched the boards off the skylight. The sash was a heavy one and the panes small, and even when they crowded upon the sash to the number of fifty it bore their weight. Holding my revolver close to one of the panes, I fired three shots, and this cleared them off. From the great chattering above we knew that three of the gang had been killed or badly hurt. They tried it again in about five minutes, and now we used both revolvers and peppered four or five more. From that on they kept clear of the skylight, but we knew they were watching the doors.

On each side of the companionway was a pane of glass over an opening 4 inches wide by 12 long. I smashed out one and Thomas the other, and we began shooting. The crowd made at us, seeming to be perfectly reckless, and several were shot as they tugged at the barrels of our rifles. In half an hour we had the decks covered with dead and dying, and the beasts began to show signs of being demoralized. An old grayhead, who had been concealed behind the foremast, finally peered out, and I put a bullet into his head. He fell over with a scream, and with that every ape that could move sprang overboard and made for the shore. We waited a while before leaving our quarters, but reached the deck to find that they had departed for good. There were forty-two dead apes on the schooner, and we finished six that were badly wounded. Our boat had grounded on a smaller island half a mile away, and after we had recovered it we got the chaps who had been in the traps so long. They exhibited the greatest ferocity, but were handled the worse for it, and we finally got them safe aboard. Then we turned to on the schooner, and it took us two full days to get her in sailing shape. From the hour the beasts left the craft we did not catch sight of a single one again during our stay.—New York Sun.

A ROMANTIC ORGAN GRINDER.

In Shame for Her Father's Crime and to Avoid Marriage She Left Home.

The old woman who plays the hand organ at the corner of Ninth and Vine streets, Philadelphia, has a history.

The old woman is a Swede and cannot speak a word of English. To a reporter who speaks her language she told the story of her strange and romantically eventful life.

"I was born," she said, "on the 4th day of August, 1817, in Werinland, Sweden, and am now, you see, 73 years of age. My name is Anna Suenson. That is not my full name, but it is enough and will do. Our family was well known in Sweden and also in Russia; in fact, our family is Russian.

"In the time of Catharine our family estates were of the largest held by the nobility. My mother was a direct descendant of the Vasa dynasty. I never knew her, as she died when I was born. You see that on my mother's side I am of royal lineage, and on my father's side I descended from the proudest of Russian aristocracy. My father was a proud man, morose and stern in the extreme. The soldiers in their summer camp at Visby, whom he commanded, would often be flogged by his orders for some trifling offense.

"I remember little of Werinland, for as a child my time was passed in the school at Stockholm, and as a young lady I was at court more than anywhere else. When I was 20 years old we were at our Stockholm home and daily in attendance at the palace or at Drottningholm.

"I was the especial favorite of the Princess Eugenie. I was constantly her companion. She loved me and spoke to me as I think my mother would have done.

"There was at court at that time a nobleman named Baron Phegren, of high rank, but as poor as a beggar. He had a son Carl, a captain in the navy, whom I had met at the court balls and receptions. Carl and I during that summer met very often. We walked and talked and rowed together until I found that I loved him.

"Princess Eugenie said to me one day, 'Ah, my dear, this love of Carl's will give you trouble some day.' I smiled at her, but thought nothing of it. But one day at Drottningholm, Carl told me he would at once speak to my father. I hated that, but I said, 'Yes, do so,' and he went away happy. Poor Carl! I don't know what passed between him and my father, but on the next evening my father sent for me to come in the library.

"I went there. He was tall, cold, stern, a man of iron. 'So, so, my little countess,' he laughed, 'you love Carl, do you? Well, well, I'll soon stop that,' and then he began to tell how poor Carl was, that he wanted simply my money, that he was a bad man. Oh! how that night comes back to me.

"I never said a word in answer, simply stood there trembling from head to foot. At last my father stopped and, putting his hand heavily on my shoulder, he said: 'Go to your room; you shall never marry Carl Phegren—never.'

"Carl met me the next day in the garden. He was haggard and pale. 'You know all,' he said, and then, without waiting for an answer, he urged me to leave Sweden, to go with him to America, to build a little home here in the land of the free. I would not. I could not. I respected my father. I did not want him to curse me.

"Then Carl left me, and I never saw him again. A few days afterward they found him on the beach at Waxholm dead, with a bullet in his heart. They never knew whether he killed himself or was murdered.

"I lived on. I was alone, that was all. One day father told me I was to marry. He had a husband for me. I refused to obey him. Then in his passion he struck me, and as I lay on the ground he told me he would kill me as he did Carl. He stopped as he said that, and then quietly with a white drawn face he left me alone.

"My father was a murderer!

"I left the house that night. I left Sweden shortly afterward. First I went to London, then I came to this country. I saw notices about my strange disappearance in the papers, but I wanted only to die.

"I went through your rebellion as a nurse in the south. Then I wandered from one place to another, and I descended still lower and lower in the social scale, until now I am what you see me.

"Little do the people who give me a cent for my poor organ music think that once I was a belle of the Old World's nobility—that I danced with kings, and that the blood of the Vasa is running in my veins."
—Philadelphia Times.

The Spirit of Success.

Madame Durand, better known as Henri Greville, in one of her books gives a fine example of a young man who felt within him the fire that is a "gift of the gods," and who was willing to sacrifice everything for the sake of his career. He is a musician, and his father wishes to make a priest of him. In speaking of it to his brother the young artist says: "I would rather live miserable for ten years, hardly earning my bread, wearing threadbare clothes, and not daring to go to any one's house because I shall be too poor. I had rather, if need be, suffer the pangs of hunger and die on my violin than be a priest and renounce music." This is the spirit we must have in order to succeed.

To know what one can do, what one will do, is the first step upward. Then it remains to do it not in a half earnest, slipshod sort of way, but with all the strength and energy and power of which a person is capable.—Housewife.

Fuel from Peat.

A St. Petersburg journal states that a Russian civil engineer, M. de Nicaloff, has succeeded in producing a fuel from peat greatly resembling anthracite coal. The inventor has obtained a patent for his process, which is said to be accomplished by the aid of certain chemicals, and lately an imperial commission has been engaged in experimenting with the fuel, the result having been very favorable. The peat was found to give a little less heat than ordinary coal, but more than fir or birch wood, which is largely used on railways and steamers and in factories in Russia. In other respects, however, the peat is superior to coal, being cheaper, containing but a small percentage of sulphur and being much smaller in bulk. The artificial fuel throws off no dirt and emits no smell, while burning with a clear white flame.

Bone Grafting.

Enough has been accomplished to satisfy me that the day is not far distant when the long bones and ribs of the lower animals will be successfully transplanted to man for the purpose of restoring osseous structures destroyed by any cause whatsoever. I am inclined to believe that the tails of such animals as the cat, dog, opossum, etc., after being divested of the integument and soft tissue, may be transplanted with success. It may be found that the ribs of lower animals can be substituted for the small bones of the hand.—Dr. B M Ricketts' Address

The Bible in Swiss Schools.

In the classes of city and town schools in Switzerland the boys and girls are usually separated. There is no study room, the studying being all done at home. It is noticeable that the school opens without Bible reading or prayer, but later in the morning one of the town pastors will enter the rooms of the higher classes and give a half hour's instruction, mostly concerning the characters of the New Testament. The scholars will be asked about the lives of Peter and Paul and the scenes of the Holy Land, the interest of the pupil depending wholly on the ability of the teacher to entertain him. The talk of the half hour seems to be devoted more to Bible biography than to religious training. The preachers, however, have an uphill row of it, for hundreds of the Swiss teachers are infidels. —Harper's.

How to Clean Brass.

The method prescribed for cleaning brass, and in use in all the United States arsenals, is claimed to be the best in the world and may be useful to housewives. The plan is to make a mixture of one part common nitric acid and one-half pint sulphuric acid in a stone jar, having also ready a pail of fresh water and a box of sawdust. The articles to be treated are dipped into the acid, thrown into the water and finally rubbed with sawdust. This changes them into a brilliant color immediately. If the brass has become greasy it is first dipped in a strong solution of potash and soda in warm water; this cuts the grease so that the acid has full power to act.—New York Journal.

An Average Couple.

Husband (impatiently)—The idea of asking such a question as that! It's disgraceful to be such an ignoramus. Why don't you read the papers?

Wife (tartly)—Because you grab the paper as quick as it comes, pore over it all through breakfast, then stick it in your pocket to read down town and finally forget to bring it home.

Husband (repentantly)—Humph! Well, my dear, I will order two papers and leave one here. Which paper shall I get for you?

Wife (joyously)—Get me The Daily Blanket, dear. That has all the dry goods bargains.—New York Weekly.

Kansas has more miles of railroad than all the New England states put together. She has 1,159 more miles than New York, whose population and wealth surpass Kansas four to one. She has more than the great states of Pennsylvania, Iowa or Texas. Kansas today has 8,754 miles of railroads. Illinois alone surpasses her with 9,000 miles. Next comes Iowa with 8,964 miles. Following her is Pennsylvania with 8,234; then comes Texas with 8,210 miles.

Miscellaneous

SULPHUR BITTERS

THE GREAT

German Remedy.

TRUTHS FOR THE SICK.

For those deathly Bilious Spells depend on SULPHUR BITTERS it will cure you.

$1,000 will be paid for a case where SULPHUR BITTERS will not assist or cure. It never fails.

Do you suffer with that tired and all gone feeling; if so, use SULPHUR BITTERS; it will cure you.

Cleanse the vitiated blood when you see its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Blotches, and Sores. Rely on SULPHUR BITTERS, and health will follow.

Operatives who are closely confined in the mills and workshops; clerks, who do not procure sufficient exercise, and all who are confined in doors, should use SULPHUR BITTERS. They will not then be weak and sickly.

SULPHUR BITTERS will cure Liver Complaint. Don't be discouraged; it will cure you.

If you do not wish to suffer from Rheumatism, use a bottle of SULPHUR BITTERS. It never fails to cure.

SULPHUR BITTERS will build you up and make you strong and healthy.

Don't be without a bottle. Try it; you will not regret it.

SULPHUR BITTERS will make your blood pure, rich and strong, and your flesh hard.

Ladies in delicate health, who are all run down, should use SULPHUR BITTERS.

Try SULPHUR BITTERS to-night, and you will sleep well and feel better for it.

Do you want the best Medical Work published? Send 3 2-cent stamps to A. P. ORDWAY & Co., Boston, Mass., and receive a copy, free.

HUMPHREYS' VETERINARY SPECIFICS

For Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs, AND POULTRY.

500 Page Book on Treatment of Animals and Chart Sent Free.

CURES: Fevers-Congestion, Inflammation. A.A.—Spinal Meningitis, Milk Fever. B.B.—Strains, Lameness, Rheumatism. C.C.—Distemper, Nasal Discharges. D.D.—Bots or Grubs, Worms. E.E.—Coughs, Heaves, Pneumonia. F.F.—Colic or Gripes, Bellyache. G.G.—Miscarriage, Hemorrhages. H.H.—Urinary and Kidney Diseases. I.I.—Eruptive Diseases, Mange. J.K.—Diseases of Digestion, Paralysis.

Single Bottle (over 50 doses), - - .60
Stable Case, with Specifics, Manual, Veterinary Cure Oil and Medicator, $7.00
Jar Veterinary Curre Oil, - - 1.00

Sold by Druggists; or Sent Prepaid anywhere and in any quantity on Receipt of Price.

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HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28

In use 30 years. The only successful remedy for Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness, and Prostration, from over-work or other causes. $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for $5. SOLD BY Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.—HUMPHREYS' MEDICINE CO., Cor. William and John Sts., N. Y.

AGENTS Wanted to canvass for the sale of our Home-Grown NURSERY Stock Most Liberal Terms.

Unequaled facilities. One of the largest, oldest-established, and best known Nurseries in the country. Address, W. & T. SMITH, Geneva Nursery, Geneva, N. Y. Estab. in 1846.

BEST COAL AT

Pioneer Coal Yard.

ESTABLISHED 1857

Best Grades of Lehigh

For family purposes delivered promptly by good carters.

WOOD, LIME, BRICK, SAND, ETC.

FAMILY FLOUR A SPECIALTY.

E. LEEDOM & SON,

25 Bath Street.

The New York Sun. FOR 1891.

Some people agree with The Sun's opinions about men and things, and some people don't; but everybody likes to get hold of the newspaper which is never dull and never afraid to speak its mind.

Democrats know that for twenty years The Sun has fought in the front line for Democratic principles, never wavering or weakening in its loyalty to the true interests of the party it serves with fearless intelligence and disinterested vigor. At times opinions have differed as to the best means of accomplishing the common purpose: it is not the Sun's taunt it it has seen further into the millstone.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-one will be a great year in American politics, and everybody should read The Sun.

Daily, per month, - - - - - - $0 50
Daily, per year, - - - - - - 6 00
Sunday, per year, - - - - - - 2 00
Daily and Sunday, per year, - - - 8 00
Daily and Sunday, per month, - - - 70
Weekly Sun, one year, - - - - - 1 00

Address THE SUN, New York.

Furniture :-: Repaired

By a Good Mechanic.

I have found that the People of Bristol want a place where they can have their

Furniture Repaired in a Workmanlike manner, and also done Promptly.

I HAVE EMPLOYED

Mr. Robert Clark,

Who is well known in Bristol to take charge of this branch and solicit your trade.

We will make

Window Shades and Mattresses TO ORDER.

Chairs Recaned, Carpets cut and laid, and everything in the repairing line promptly attended to.

JOHN G. TABRAM,

Next to Town Hall, Bristol, Pa

WILLIAM TERNESON,

Manufacturer & dealer in

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Fine Boots, Shoes & Gaiters,

Cor. Mill and Pond Sts., BRISTOL, PA.

A first-class calf-skin Gaiter, my own make, $3. Also a full line of John Mundell's Solar Tipped Children's Shoes.

Miscellaneous

Philadelphia Cash Grocery

AND CHICAGO BEEF MARKET,

Radcliffe & Market Sts., Bath & Buckley Sts. Bristol, and Second & Furman and Hudson and Mott Sts., Trenton, N. J.

FOUR STORES!

Immense quantities of goods bought for cash prices, for cash, and will be sold at correspondingly low rates.

Choice Roast, 10c. per lb. up.
Choice Steak, 12c. up. Stewing Meat, 4, 6, 8, 10
Gilt Edge Butter, 25c. per lb.

FRED. B. BOOZ,

—DEALER IN—

FINE GROCERIES, FRUITS, AND PROVISIONS

A specialty in

TEAS AND COFFEES.

Goods Delivered Promptly.

COR. RADCLIFFE AND WALNUT STS.

Your trade is solicited.

J. D. LOWDEN,

No. 50 Mill Street, Bristol,

HAS THE FINEST STOCK OF

BOOTS, SHOES, GAITERS, &c.

REPAIRING NEATLY DONE

The MISSES OABEEN will re-open their School Wednesday, Sept. 24th, 1890.

Are You a Baptist?

By Profession?

By Education?

By Association?

If one, and you are not already taking it, you need

The Examiner,

The Leading Baptist Paper

EAST, WEST, NORTH, SOUTH, representing the denomination of the whole country rather than any part thereof.

Send $2, the price of one year's subscription, addressing The Examiner, Box 3661, New York City, and receive the paper for fifteen months—from October 1, 1890, to January 1, 1892.

THREE MONTHS FREE.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

Farmers' National Bank of Bucks Co.

At Bristol, in the State of Pennsylvania at the close of business, Oct. 2nd, 1890.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	$423,915 26
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	40,000 00
Stocks, securities, judgments, claims,	67,071 94
Due from approved reserve agents	36,362 67
Due from other National Banks	1,173 21
Due from State Banks and bankers	70 00
Banking-house furniture, and fixtures	9,501 09
Current expenses and taxes paid	3,901 38
Checks and other cash items	3,255 91
Bills of other Banks	455 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels, and pennies	18 17
Specie	15,840 00
Legal tender notes	18,000 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer, (5 per cent. of circulation)	1,800 00
TOTAL	$620 386 77

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$ 92,220 00
Surplus fund	85,000 00
Undivided profits	20,180 88
National Bank notes outstanding	32,050 00
Dividends unpaid	348 00
Individual deposits subject to check	371,166 95
Due to other National Banks	8,051 32
Due to State Banks and Bankers	1,060 62
TOTAL	$620,386 77

State of Penna., County of Bucks, ss
I, Charles E. Scott, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly affirm that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

CHARLES E. SCOTT, Cashier.

Subscribed and affirmed to before me this 7th day of October, 1890.

W. H. BOOZ, Notary Public.

CORRECT—Attest:
PIERSON MITCHELL, BENJ J TAYLOR, L. A. HOGUET, } Directors

Joshua Peirce,
Formerly of Bristol, Pa.

W. D. Rusher, P. O. Address, Box 204 TACOMA, WASH.
Formerly of Minneapolis, Minn.

Peirce & Rusher,

Real Estate & Loan Agts.

936 PACIFIC AVENUE,

TACOMA, WASH., NOV. 25.

Having made the above business connection we are prepared to negotiate mortgage loans on real estate in the City of Tacoma, or adjacent farm property in the State of Washington.

Such loans will be made with the utmost care in the selection of securities and regard for the character of the borrower; will run three to five years and bear interest at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum net to the lender, payable semi-annually. We will accompany each loan with our written agreement to take charge of the collection of interest, when due, and of the principal debt at maturity, without charge for our services.

The State of Washington and the City of Tacoma are being rapidly settled, having doubled their population within the last year, with an enterprising and energetic people engaged in business of all kinds, thus ensuring a prosperous and permanent growth of the city that will make it the metropolis of the great northwest. No better nor safer investment can be had than the securities that we are able to offer, doubly so by the continued increase in value of the property mortgaged. Abstract showing perfect title will be furnished with all loans.

We also invite those who desire to take advantage of the increasing values, by purchase, to entrust their funds to us for investment and we feel confident that we can make selections that will involve no risk and promise a large profit.

PEIRCE & RUSHER.

Harper & Brothers.

1891. Harper's Magazine. ILLUSTRATED.

The important series of papers on South America by Theodore Child, will be continued in Harper's Magazine during the greater part of the year 1891. The articles on Southern California, by Charles Dudley Warner, will also be continued. Among other noteworthy attractions will be a novel by Charles Egbert Craddock, a collection of original drawings by W. M. Thackeray, now published for the first time; a novel written and illustrated by George du Maurier; a novelette by William Dean Howells; and a series of papers on London by Walter Besant.

In the number and variety of illustrated papers and other articles on subjects of timely interest, as well as in the unrivalled character of its short stories, poems, etc., Harper's Magazine will continue to maintain that standard of excellence for which it has been so long distinguished.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS

Per Year:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR	4 00
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Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States or Mexico

The Volumes of the Magazine begin with the Numbers for June and December of each year. When no time is specified, subscriptions will begin with the Number current at time of receipt of order.

Bound Volumes of Harper's Magazine for three years back, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of $3 00 per volume. Cloth Cases, for binding, 50 cents each —by mail, post-paid.

Index to Harper's Magazine, Alphabetical, Analytical, and Classified, for Volumes I to 70, inclusive, from June, 1850, to June 1885, one vol., 8vo, Cloth, $4.

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Harper's Weekly has never failed to justify its title as a "Journal of Civilization," and it has done so with a constant regard to enlarged possibilities of usefulness and a higher standard of artistic and literary excellence. It leaves untouched no important phase of the world's progress, and presents a record, equally trustworthy and interesting, of the notable events, persons, and achievements of our time.

Special Supplements will be continued in 1891. They will be literary, scientific, artistic, historical, critical, topographical, or descriptive, as occasion may demand, and will continue to deserve the hearty commendation which has been bestowed on past issues by the press and the public. As a family journal, Harper's Weekly will, as heretofore, be edited with a strict regard for the qualities that make it a safe and welcome visitor to every home.

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Bound Volumes of Harper's Weekly for three years back, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, postage paid, or by express, free of expense (provided the freight does not exceed one dollar per volume), for $7 00 per volume.

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1891. Harper's Bazar. ILLUSTRATED.

Harper's Bazar is a journal for the home. Giving the latest information with regard to the Fashions, its numerous illustrations, fashion-plates, and pattern-sheet supplements are indispensable alike to the home dress-maker and the professional modiste. No expense is spared in making it's artistic attractiveness of the highest order. Its clever short stories, parlor plays, and thoughtful essays satisfy all tastes, and its last page is famous as a budget of wit and humor. In its weekly issues everything is included which is of interest to women. During 1891 Agnes R. Ormsbee will write a series of articles on "The House Comfortable," Julie Closson will treat of "Sanitary Living," and an interesting succession of papers on "Women in Art and History," superbly illustrated, will be furnished by Theodore Child. The serial stories will be by Walter Besant and Thomas Hardy.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS

Per Year:

HARPER'S BAZAR	$4 00
HARPER'S MAGAZINE	4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	2 00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States, Canada, or Mexico.

Volumes VIII., X. and XI. of Harpers Young People bound in cloth will be sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of $3 50 each. The other volumes are out of print.

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Single Numbers, Five Cents each.

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Address: HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Charles Guyon,

GENERAL HOUSE PAINTER!

—AND—

Hard Wood Finisher;

Washington St., next to School House,

BRISTOL, PA.

1891. Harper's Young People

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The Twelfth Volume of Harper's Young People begins on November 4, 1890. This best and most comprehensive weekly in the world for young readers presents a rich and attractive programme. In fiction there will be "Campmates: A Story of the Plains," by Kirk Munroe; "Men of Iron," a romance by Howard Pyle, with illustrations by the author; "Flying Hill Farm," by Sophie Swett; "The Moon Prince," by H. K. Munkittrick; and "Yellowtop," by Annie Bronson King. In addition to these five serials, there will be stories in two or three parts by Thomas Nelson Page, Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, Edwin Lassetter Bynner, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Mary E. Wilkins, Nora Perry, and others. Short stories, and articles on science, history, travel, adventure, games and sports, with hundreds of illustrations of the highest character, will render Harper's Young People for 1891 unrivalled as a miscellany of the best reading for boys and girls.

"The best weekly publication for young people in existence. It is edited with scrupulous care and attention, and instruction and entertainment is delightfully mingled in its pages in just the right proportions to captivate the minds of the young, and at the same time to develop their thinking power."
—*N. Y. Observer.*

TERMS: Postage Prepaid, $2 00 Per Year.

Vol. XII. begins November 4, 1890.

Volumes VIII., X. and XI. of Harpers Young People bound in cloth will be sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of $3 50 each. The other volumes are out of print.

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Miscellaneous

STOVES AND TINWARE.

T. B. DOUGLASS,

No. 61 Mill Street, Bristol Pa.,

Has always on hand a large stock of first class Stoves and Tinware

Parlor Stoves, Double Heaters, Cook Stoves, Ranges, Portable Heaters, High Art Stoves, and Embossed Stove Boards, and Bread Boxes, Tin Pitchers, Paper Wash Basins, Galvanized Waiters, Argot Ware, Knives, Forks and Spoons.

Metaline Brilliant,

the best article in the world for cleaning nicke , brass, silver, &c.

Wash Boilers, Japanware, Milk Pans and other articles in the tin line Polite attention. No trouble to show goods.

TIN ROOFING A SPECIALTY

All orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

Sherman & Peirce,

MANUFACTURERS OF

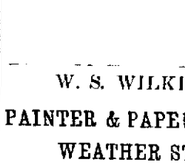
Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, &c

Specialties made of

HOT-BED SASH, BERRY BOXES AND ENGRAVING BOARDS

Dorrance Street, near Railroad

JOB. SHERMAN Wm C PEIRCE



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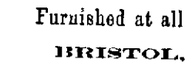

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